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THE SEA'S ANSWER.

BY A. Y. B.

The pale moon rushed along the stormy sky,
Now hid, now seen, like some belated bark,
That drives among the breakers aimlessly,
Their white crests gleaming silver through the dark.
Pale as the moon, beneath the lighthouse cowered,
The silent watcher on the great stone pier,
She saw how black the gathering cloud wrack lowered,
She heard the gale's hoarse warning muttering near;
She felt the kindred tumult in her breast,
With Nature's angry mood was prompt to blend;
Yet the sea answered stilling her unrest,
"The hardest nap comes ever to the end."

Though the great waves roll thundering to the shore,
And o'er the reef the cruel surf clouds foam,
Though fierce and high the crashing breakers roar,
Between the weary fishermen and home;
Calm to its depths the tide will ebb at night,
The waves creep whispering backward from the Scar,
And as the cottage hearth shows welcome light
The laden coble leaps the harbor bar,
Ears that can hear, hearts that can understand,
Know Ocean tells us, like a stanch old friend,
"God holds the future in His loving hand,
The hardest nap comes ever to the end."

The red-roofed houses piled beneath the Head
In silent separate lights began to shine,
The struggling moon her tearful radiance shed
On the grand beauty of the ruined shrine;
From the quay-side, laugh, snatch of song, and call,
Came fitful to the pier upon the breeze,
And, regular as pulse's rise and fall,
Boomed the long echo of the breaking seas,
And still the watcher on the great stone pier
Lingered above the eternal waves to bend,
Taking their answer home to hush and cheer,
"The hardest nap comes ever to an end."

WON AT LAST;

—OR,—

Love's Strategy.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

THAT will do, cried I. 'Abuse me; I am ugly and brown, not presentable, and sadly in the way; but if you value your lives,' I screamed, 'do not dare to speak so of my dead mother.'

"'Blanche,' said Lady Douglas, 'you should not have listened.'

"'I could not help it,' I replied; 'I came in here and fell asleep. Your cruel, shameful words awoke and paralyzed me.'

"'She is mad,' said Lady Douglas, with a shrug of her shoulders and a sneer on her haughty face.

"'No, I am not mad,' I retorted. 'Listen, and you will know. Allan,' I said, turning to my husband, a wild bitter grief shaking me from head to foot, 'I will be no clog upon you. My mother married Lord Carleon: she loved him and died of a broken heart. I have married Lord Carleon; I love him—ah Allan, it is true—and I will break my own heart, loving him who hates me; I will leave him, and never in life consent to see him again. Take all my money, Allan. I shall never want it; it is for that you bought me. I never wish to see it or hear of it. I will go away and die.'

"'Blanche, how wildly you talk!' cried Lady Douglas.

"'Lady Douglas,' I said, turning on her fiercely, 'you have insulted my dead mother. Never presume to address me again. What I have to say will be said to Lord Carleon, not to you.'

"Marian, she actually cowered before me, that haughty woman of the world.

"'You never could live with such an undisciplined fury, Allan,' she said contemptuously.

"'Hush, mother,' said my husband; 'let me hear what Blanche has to say.'

"'It is not much, Lord Carleon,' I replied, 'only this—that I will never look upon your face again. I will be no drag, no burden upon you. You are free. If it were lawful to die, I would die and release you. As it is not, I must do the next best thing—seek a living death. From this moment I renounce all claim upon you, your wealth, and your name. I will take what I think my father would have given me to live upon; I will go back to Ingledew House, and never leave it except for the grave. I will have no name, for I hate the one you bear.'

"'But,' he murmured, 'what will the world say?'

"'The world knows nothing of me,' I replied, with a bitter laugh. 'A faint rumor of Lord Carleon's ugly, brown daughter may get abroad, but no one will credit it. If all the world knew and opposed, I should still go, and keep to the resolutions I have made.'

"'In that case, he said, 'it is useless for me to oppose them.'

"'Quite so, my lord,' I replied. 'All communication between us ceases from this hour. A few business arrangements will be necessary. Your solicitor can make them with the only friend I have in the world, Miss Tirrell.'

"'Let it be so, Allan,' said Lady Douglas. 'Lady Carleon speaks like a woman of business; one would think she had studied the matter.'

"'Sudden injuries call forth sudden resentments,' I said, quietly. 'I leave you now, my lord. I shall return to Ingledew House with Miss Tirrell this evening. I need not ask you never to attempt to see me. You will not. The most welcome news to you will be that I have rejoined my mother. I hope you will hear it soon.'

"'Blanche, Blanche,' he cried, 'how you mistake!'

"'Not at all,' I replied; 'I am in the way, and have sense enough to know it. I bid you farewell, my lord.'

"'Blanche,' he said, suddenly, as I turned towards the door, 'did you say you loved me?'

"'I did,' was my quiet reply; 'I have loved you all my life, but I am going now to learn how to hate you. When I can do that, I will die.'

"I have never seen him since, Marian. That same night I came back here to Ingledew House. My heart seemed broken. I would not care to live. I would not read or study, or admit any interest in anything. Night and day I brooded over my wrongs for three dreary years—they were long as centuries. I received three letters from Lord Carleon, and returned them unopened. His solicitor, Mr. Wilson, sent me one from Lady Douglas, I did the same with that.

"Poor Miss Tirrell went up to London on some business of her own, and, as you have heard, died there. Then you came to me, Marian. I liked you at first. Very slowly but surely you awakened a new interest in my heart. I began to see that life might yet have some beauty for me, although I had suffered so keenly. I have rigidly kept my vow. I have never uttered myself, or allowed others to breathe, the name I bear. I shut myself up there to die; but you see," she said, with a bright happy smile, "my heart would not break. What do you think of my story, Marian?"

"It is the strangest I ever heard," I replied.

"My husband would not know me now," she said; "I am much altered."

"That he would not, if he once called you an ugly, brown little thing," I said. "I should like him to see you and hear you sing."

"I think I was a very plain, awkward child," she said, musingly.

As I gazed upon her beautiful radiant face I should have thought it impossible, only that I knew beautiful children often grow up plainer, and *vice versa*.

We both sat silent for some time—the murmur of the waves had been the accompaniment to Blanche's romantic narration. I was lost in thought. A sudden idea had presented itself to my mind, and I was "making it out."

"Blanche," I said, "I have found a beautiful ending to your story—that is, if you will consent."

"Have you!" she said, smiling. "What is it? Are you going to live with me forever?"

"No," said I; "in my plan there is love and happiness, ending in the joyous peal of wedding bells, if you will only humble your pride."

"Tell me what it is, Marian," she said. "I have suffered so much, I have no pride left."

"You were married at sixteen, or perhaps seventeen," I replied. "You were then a plain, uneducated girl—that is nearly four years since. Now (mind, I speak without flattery,) you are exceedingly beautiful. You have read and thought; besides which, you possess a gift that, in itself, makes a woman lovely."

"Well," she said, smiling, "to what does this catalogue of my perfections tend?"

"To the furtherance of my plan," I replied. "If Lord Carleon were to see you now, he would, I do not doubt, fall in love with you; but he shall not see you yet. Place yourself in my hands, without reserve, until you are twenty one. I will make peace with my aunt, and you shall visit us in London. Nothing will be easier than to introduce you to Lord Carleon as my cousin, or something of that kind; and if all does not end happily, I will never have faith in fortune again."

"You think he would be sure to love me?" she asked, blushing most beautifully.

"I do indeed," I replied; "and Blanche, you have been cruelly used; but I fancy that, despite your long seclusion and desperate attempts, you have not learned to hate your husband yet, have you?"

"No," she said gently. "I love my pictured hero, Allan Douglas, although I do not love Lord Carleon."

"Remember," I said, "that from this moment you belong, not to yourself, but to me. We shall start for Paris next week."

"For Paris, Marian!" she said. "How quick you are! You make me giddy."

"Yes for Paris, Blanche," I replied; "and I will tell you why. You must consent, old as you are, to spend six months at one of the best finishing schools in Paris. It is absolutely necessary. There are a thousand little things to learn before you can mingle with the gay world. I want Lord Carleon to see a beautiful, accomplished, high bred woman, in place of the brown, ugly little thing of years ago. You must have lessons in dancing, and I should advise you to study singing under one of the best masters of the day."

"Oh, I shall like it all, Marian," she cried gleefully, "if you are with me."

"That I shall be," I said. "I do not intend to lose sight of you again, Blanche, rely upon it."

"After six months in Paris, what shall we do?" she inquired, again laughingly.

"If we can persuade my aunt, Mrs. Erlecote, to *chaperone* us, we will make a tour through Germany and Italy," I replied. "That will give you more experience of the world than any amount of reading."

"It will be delightful," she cried; but, Marian, we must not go near Como. I could not bear to see the place again."

"You shall not," I said. "And now I think we had better return to the house; Mrs. Dean will think we are lost."

We returned to the house, and the good old housekeeper did indeed look flurried and anxious.

"Indeed, my lady," she said, "I was getting alarmed."

"We have been talking, nurse," replied Blanche, her beautiful face one glow of blushes and smiles.

Mrs. Dean gave me a shrewd glance, but made no comment; she guessed I knew at length the history of the recluse of Ingledew House.

The first thing I did that evening was to write a long letter to my aunt, asking for a reconciliation. I was so anxious to have her co-operation in my plans for Blanche, that I did not mind any humiliation. I was willing to do anything, except marry Sir Wilton Graham. So I told my aunt, if she would like to see me, I would run up to London and spend a day or two with her; intending to do so on our route to Paris. By return of post I received a long and most affectionate letter from Mrs. Erlecote. She was only too pleased to take the offered olive branch, and agreed to welcome Lionel as her nephew.

Then I busied myself in selecting a school for Blanche. The only difficulty was in choosing from so large a number of eligible establishments. I decided at length upon Madame Duplin's. She received but few boarders, and those were all of high birth. I knew that Blanche would learn here all those points of etiquette of which she was ignorant.

Once or twice it struck me that I was taking a great deal upon myself, but then Blanche was married, and mistress of her actions. If my plans resulted in anything for her benefit, so much the better; she could but have gone mad or died if she had remained much longer shut up at Ingledew House.

I cannot describe my aunt's delight at seeing us. I took Blanche with me, and with her full consent and permission, confided her history to Mrs. Erlecote. I need not say what a lively interest it excited, the more so as Lady Douglas and Lord Carleon were both well known to her.

"Marian," said my aunt, "of all the strange stories I ever heard, this is the strangest. Who would believe that that handsome, melancholy nobleman, had such a lovely young wife?"

"Is he melancholy?" I asked, almost glad to hear it.

"Yes; and to my mind, this fully explains the reason," replied my aunt. "The world believes him to have been hopelessly in love with the Princess Scholsky."

"Does she reside in England now, aunt?" I asked.

"Yes; and she is, I should say, the most fashionable and beautiful woman in London," was the reply. "But rely upon it, Marian, Blanche is far the most lovely of the two."

Mrs. Erlecote was anxious to take a house in Paris, so that Blanche could have the best masters; but I felt that plan was not so good as the one I had already arranged.

With many thanks to my aunt for her kindness we started for Paris, and were soon safely installed in the very aristocratic establishment of Madame Duplin.

I have no need to give in detail the history of those six months. They were spent by Lady Carleon in uninterrupted study. The result was more successful than even I had dared to hope. She was now an exquisitely beautiful high bred woman, whose every motion was replete with grace and harmony. Her singing was unequalled. I was proud of her. Mrs. Erlecote joined us, and we made our eagerly anticipated tour. It was, I believe, one long ecstasy to Blanche. Those quaint old German cities with their ancient legends, the beautiful Rhine with its romantic borders, its ruins and stories, were like a new world to her. Carefully avoiding Como, we visited the chief Italian cities, and examined to our hearts' content the beauties of each. We enjoyed it so much, that instead of returning home, as previously arranged at Christmas, we prolonged our stay in Rome until the end of April, and only arrived in London as the season opened.

CHAPTER V.—AND LAST.

The most peerless price of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone on.

THE London season never opened more brilliantly than in this auspicious year of which I write—a year that decided not only my fate, but the destiny of many dear to me. Mrs. Erlecote was anxious that the *fetes* and parties she intended to give should go off with *eclat*. Her beautiful mansion was almost refurnished; it was the very home of luxury.

Everything promised well. The leaders of fashion were all in town; many good balls were on the tapis; above all, a brilliant operatic season was announced. A young and charming prima donna was to make her debut in London. The rumors concerning her were numerous and varied; the most popular of all was that she was an Italian princess in disguise, and sang simply from

love of music. Mrs Erlecote had a good opera box, and it was there I determined Lady Carleon should first see her husband. She was so impulsive that, despite the strength of her resolution, I dared not let her meet him in a room; she would have betrayed herself. We had ascertained that Lord Carleon was staying at his town residence, and Lady Douglas, the *Court News* told us, was with him.

Many and anxious were the debates held between my aunt and myself on the subject of Lady Carleon's toilette for the opera on the eventful evening of Signora Verli's debut. All the fashionable world were to be there, and I felt assured Lady Douglas would not be absent.

We decided at length upon the dress, and never before or after did I see Blanche look so enchanting. A robe of delicate rose colored silk showed her exquisite figure to the utmost advantage; the white shoulders and perfect arms shone from its midst. She wore no ornaments save pearls; a small circlet lay in the thick, waving masses of hair that crowned a queenly head; a costly necklace encircled the fair round throat; costly white lace, artistically arranged, shrouded the beautiful tints of the dress; but her face drew all eyes. It was so exquisite in the bright, radiant flush of conscious beauty. Her toilette was certainly perfection in its rich and elegant simplicity. She carried a bouquet of white camellias, heath and fern.

My aunt was fairly startled when Blanche appeared in her wondrous beauty.

"My dear child," she said, "how bright and hopeful you look!"

We reached the house just as the opera began. I knew how enraptured Blanche would be. It was the first time she had ever been present at one, and with her passionate love of music and her love of the beautiful, I knew what an opera would be to her. She was bewildered at first by the glittering crowd of beautiful women. The costly toilettes, the magnificent jewels, the lovely faces, all seemed to impress her wonderfully. I watched her closely. For the first ten minutes she was engrossed by all these. Then her attention became riveted on the stage. The opera selected for Signora Verli's debut was Lucia di Lammermoor, and just then Lucia, the observed of every eye, stood upon the stage. I saw the color flush in her beautiful eloquent face; her sweet lips trembled as she listened to Lucia's plaintive song. It seemed as though her heart was with the unhappy girl; the bright tears shone in her glorious dark eyes as the sad sweet melody fell upon her ears. Little did Blanche reck of the many glances directed towards her, of the evident sensation she made by her wonderful beauty. The idea never entered her mind. I remarked it; I saw that she divided public attention with the young and gifted prima donna. Nothing could have disturbed her; she was all engrossed. At length I began to look for Lord Carleon; my aunt had quietly shown me his box, but to my great disappointment it was empty. Presently however, a very stately and haughty lady, whom I rightly surmised to be Lady Douglas, entered, followed by a tall, handsome man, with a melancholy face—I knew the blue eyes and chestnut curls. It was Allan, Lord Carleon. Now my plot had begun in earnest. He looked carelessly round the house, and then gave himself up to the interests of the scene on the stage. He was interrupted by Lady Douglas, who spoke to him, evidently directing his attention to some of their acquaintance; there was a short conversation between the mother and son. He was looking at some lady who also appeared to engross much admiration. She was very fair and lovely, with a wonderful quantity of golden hair.

"Who is that lady, aunt!" I asked, in a low voice, indicating the box.

"That is the Princess Scholsky, Gabriel d'Este," she replied, cautiously.

I saw her then at length, the "golden-haired Gabriel," who had so unconsciously helped to darken the life of Blanche. She was beautiful, but too coquettish to suit my taste. There was something that looked false in her dazzling face and bright smile. My Blanche as far surpassed her as a queenly rose does a white half faded bud. Lord Carleon, after looking at her for some minutes without any sign of emotion, gazed carelessly round the house. Suddenly he caught sight of our box and its fair occupant. I saw his start of surprise and uncontrollable look of admiration. He seemed as though he could not remove his gaze from the beautiful, eloquent face that mirrored every thought of the pure young heart. I saw him speak to Lady Douglas, and direct her attention to Blanche. She, too, looked admiringly on the fair young girl. Little did either of them think it was the "ugly, brown little thing," they had despised. I thought then it was time to warn my companion.

"Blanche," I said, "look at the stage, and do not seem to notice particularly what I am saying. Can you bear a great surprise? Remember, you must make no sign."

"I can bear it," she said, quietly.

"Lord Carleon is here," I said, "and looking at you."

It was well that I had warned her. In spite of her strong self control, her face grew white even to her lips.

"Hide your face in your flowers, Blanche," I said.

She did so—but when she raised it again, the yearning, wistful look upon it went to my heart.

"Where is he, Marian?" she asked. "Can I see him?"

"Yes, when you look as you did a few minutes since," I replied. "Remember your part, Blanche, and do not fail at the outset."

"I will not," she replied. "See, Marian, I do not tremble now."

I told her where to look, and she raised her glass. For two or three minutes she gazed on him, and then, turning to me, said: "Marian, I am faint and ill. Let us go home."

I looked anxiously at her pale quivering face, but I knew her strength of will.

"The first shock is over," I said, gently. "Try to battle on. Is that Lady Douglas with him?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

In a few minutes Blanche looked better.

"Will you go or stay?" I asked.

"I will stay," she replied, "but that first look at him, Marian, unnerved me. He is just like the Allan Douglas in my picture. He looks a little older, and very staid; still, it is the same noble, open face."

I saw Lord Carleon leave his box. Knowing that he was well acquainted with Mrs. Erlecote, I thought it possible that he might be coming to us.

"Blanche," I said, "collect all your energies. Remember how much depends upon your force of will. I believe Lord Carleon is coming to speak to my aunt. He will ask to be introduced to you. Can you bear the ordeal?"

"Yes," she replied, bravely—"I am myself again."

I was right in my conjecture; in another minute Lord Carleon was speaking to my aunt. After a few compliments, he said something in a low voice, and then Mrs. Erlecote introduced us to him.

"I think, Miss Erlecote," he said, with a smile that made him very handsome, "I have seen you before?"

"I once met your lordship at a flower show," I replied.

He looked inquiringly at Blanche, as though he would ask whether she too claimed the name of Erlecote; for my aunt, in her confusion at his sudden arrival, had merely called us "her nieces."

The beautiful face was turned shyly from him, the glorious eyes, full of tenderness and love, were cast down, and the long dark lashes rested on the flushed cheek. I had never seen Blanche look so lovely. Lord Carleon seemed enchanted. He took the vacant seat beside her, and began speaking of the opera. Some remark from him elicited from Blanche a reply to the effect that this was the first opera that she had ever seen. His lordship looked astounded. My aunt interfered with a smile, saying, that her niece had been brought up in the strictest seclusion.

After some conversation Blanche somewhat recovered from her shy nervousness, and in reply to some compliment Lord Carleon paid her, she raised her eyes to his face; but that look nearly betrayed her. The wistful love, the gladness that shone in it, seemed to surprise him.

If love at first sight exists, Lord Carleon felt it for the fair young girl, so near, though so strange to him. He remained with us until the end of the opera, hanging upon each gay word that fell from her lips. I was enchanted with her, she was so bright, so witty, and so animated. Lord Carleon did not leave us until he had asked permission to call in Hyde Terrace on the following day.

He came, and if he had admired Blanche in her evening toilette, he seemed to admire her still more in the plain white morning dress. He asked her to sing, and she complied. I was proud of her then; the rich musical voice, with its deep undertone of sadness, completed the conquest her bright face had begun. She sang for him her first favorite, "The Land o' the Leal," and there was a suspicious brightness in his blue eyes when she had finished.

"Thank you heartily," he said. "I shall hear that song all day, and dream of it all night."

She blushed and smiled. Then Lord Carleon asked if we were going to Mrs. Stuart's ball; and on hearing that we intended doing so, he took his leave, trusting that evening to meet us. He was kind enough, to my great amusement, to include me; but I might have been at the North Pole for all the actual notice he gave me in Blanche's presence.

Mrs. Erlecote said that we should be certain to meet the Princess Scholsky at Mrs. Stuart's, for they were intimate friends.

"Now I shall see," said Blanche to me, "if he cares for her. If he does, I will return to Ingledew House, and give up all hope."

My dear aunt wasted a wealth of energy again on Blanche's toilet. She succeeded *a merveille*. Over a robe of white, gleaming satin, Blanche wore rich white lace, looped up with the tiniest of rose buds. Her beautiful head was wreathed with rose buds fastened by a diamond spray. I could see that she felt nervous at actually meeting the "golden-haired Gabriel."

The ball was a splendid one. Blanche was acknowledged by all to be the belle. Lord Carleon joined us as soon as we entered the room. We were introduced to Lady Douglas, who was most gracious to the beautiful *debutante*.

Lady Douglas introduced Blanche to the Princess Scholsky. I was reassured by her graceful bow and calm unmoved face, for I had feared Lady Carleon's meeting with her rival. They stood for some moments in conversation, and it would have been difficult to find two more beautiful women, or two more different. Blanche far surpassed her rival; there was something regal and noble in her, far opposed to the fair, restless coquette. Lord Carleon joined them, and I saw him looking steadfastly at the two faces. Then he offered Blanche his arm, and to my great delight he did not approach the "golden haired Gabriel" again.

Day by day the same thing continued. Lord Carleon seldom if ever omitted a morning call; we met again in the park, and again either at the opera or some ball. There could be no doubt that he was passionately in love with his young wife.

One thing amused me; the more desperately he was smitten with Blanche, the less he spoke to her, and the more he confided in me.

One morning Blanche was standing at some distance from us, talking to Mrs. Erlecote. I was drawing, and Lord Carleon made a pretext of examining my production, that he might have the pleasure of talking about Blanche.

"What a beautiful profile your cousin has, Miss Erlecote," he said, with a deep sigh.

"She has indeed," I replied, quietly; "but beauty is her least charm." He sighed again. "You seem melancholy this morning, Lord Carleon," I said.

"Yes, I must plead guilty," he said; "do you know there is something in your cousin's face so familiar to me, yet I never can tell what it is. She is very accomplished, sings charmingly, and is very beautiful and witty."

His lordship's theme had no variation; it was always Blanche, her beauty, her voice, her grace, and her wit. Decidedly, if ever man loved, Lord Carleon did.

So time passed until the season was nearly over. At times the trial seemed almost greater than Blanche could bear.

"Marian," she would say wistfully, "do you not think that Allan ought to know who I am?"

"Let us see what metal my lord is made of," was my reply. "Remember, that although he loves you, he believes he has a little wife secluded in Ingledew House. Let us see how he gets out of the difficulty."

My doubts were soon solved. One morning, when Lady Carleon and I were together alone, he was announced. For the first time I then noticed how thin and pale he had grown; his face looked years older, and his eyes dimmed. I could not understand his haggard look and great agitation until, in a broken, hoarse voice, he said, in reply to some remark I made, that he was going abroad.

"Going abroad!" I said, in stupefied amazement.

"Yes," he said, abruptly. "I have lingered too long. I must go now."

I looked at Blanche. She was pale and trembling.

"When are you going?" I asked.

"To-day—to night," he said. "I know not when. Miss Erlecote," he continued, "I have a confession to make. Nay," he cried, as Blanche turned to quit the room, "stay and hear me; it is for the last time."

She returned at his entreaty, and sat near me. All the while he was speaking she held my hand tightly clasped in her own. He never lifted his eyes from her pale, beautiful face.

"I have a confession to make," said he; "of the feeling that impels me to make it I dare not speak. I have been blind and mad, but I shall have to suffer all my life for my folly. I have lived lately," he said to Blanche, "only in the light of your presence; apart from you I have known no life. I forget the ties that bind me, which death only can break. My story is but a short one. May I tell it to you in few words?

"My father was the late Sir Allan Douglas, of Douglas. He died when I was quite a child; his title did not descend to me. He died. I was told in after years, from grief at the loss of his estate. His last words were an injunction to me, his little child, to try to redeem it. With this one end and aim in life, my mother educated me. I was the only child of my parents. I had an uncle, one of the most influential men in England, my mother's brother, Lord Carleon. When I can first remember him, he was a handsome man, but exceedingly proud. He brought no wife to share his luxurious home, so we concluded he had no thought of marrying. When I was twelve years of age, he adopted me as his heir. I was brought up in all the luxury imaginable. He gratified my every wish and caprice. He loved me as though I had been his own son. He often spoke to me of the time when I should be Lord Carleon, but I noticed that he never replied when my mother spoke of the time when I should buy back the lands of the Douglas.

"When I was about twenty years of age, chance threw me into the way of Gabriel d'Este. She was then a beautiful young girl. I fell desperately in love with her—I say love, but the feeling I had for the golden-haired coquette was a boy's wild adoration. She lured me on, I cannot tell how, until I told her of my love. She gave me no reply; she told me—ah, how well I remember the words—that I was a foolish rash boy, but she smiled as sweetly and as falsely as ever.

"My uncle, Lord Carleon, was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. My mother and myself were both sent for, and remained at Carleon House with him. One morning he seemed worse than usual, and after sitting up with him the greater part of the night, I went into the drawing room intending to rest there. To my intense surprise a young girl, accompanied by an elderly lady, sat there. As soon as I entered the room she ran up to me as though she had known me all her life. She clasped my hands in her own—poor little Blanche!

"Amused at her friendly, affectionate manner, I asked who she was, and heard, to my amazement, that she was Blanche Carleon, my uncle's daughter. At the same time my mother joined us; she had just heard from Lord Carleon the story of his private marriage. She felt the blow more keenly than I did. I am neither mercenary nor ambitious, and should have rejoiced at any time in my uncle's happiness, but I did feel amazed that I had been so much deceived, that I had been brought up with hopes that were never to be realised.

"My uncle sent for us all to his bed side. I never care even in thought to dwell upon that scene. He asked me to marry his daughter, the child of sixteen, or rather more, and he asked it in such a manner that I could not refuse. We were married on the day he died, in his presence—poor little Blanche!"

He sighed deeply, and then continued—"If more time had been given me to reflect, I would sooner have lost all share in my uncle's large fortune than have made it mine at such a price; but when Lord Carleon asked me this last favor, which he said would soothe his dying hours, he told me that Gabriel, who had deceived me so cruelly, was affianced, and that he had been a witness to her betrothal. I was so reckless then, that I cared but little what became of me.

"Some few days after my marriage, my mother, Lady Douglas, asked me to join her in the drawing-room—she wished to speak to me of several things. We talked on business topics for half an hour or so; and then, to my eternal regret, the conversation fell upon my wife Blanche. I spoke unkindly, bitterly of the poor child, yet without feeling the full force of my words. I had, on the contrary, a liking for the friendless child who had loved my portrait for so many years. Lady Douglas spoke hastily of the child's mother, when, to our great sorrow, she suddenly stood before us. She had been sleeping in the room when we entered, and had so heard every bitter and cruel word. I was dismayed. Blanche had all the spirit of the Carleon's. She indignantly refused ever to see me again, and that same day she returned to the home her father had provided for her. I know now that she will never pardon me. I have tried every method; my letters are returned unopened; nothing is of any avail.

"I met you, Miss Erlecote," he resumed, turning to Blanche, whose beautiful face changed color as he spoke—"and pardon me if I say that, to my sorrow, I have learned the meaning of the word 'love.' I must love you. I will go abroad, and try to school my heart. I may sacrifice my life, but not my honor. This much have I told you, that you may know why I, who have lived in your presence, shall never seek it again."

He bowed his face in his hands, and for some minutes there was a profound silence. I saw Blanche was weeping bitterly.

"What was your poor little cousin like, Lord Carleon!" I asked.

"She was little, and very brown," he replied. "I remember nothing more of her. She seemed very affectionate and amiable."

"Did she resemble the Carleons, or was she anything like me, or like my cousin?" I asked.

"No," he replied, with a faint smile; "I only know that she had large dark eyes."

"Do you not think, Lord Carleon," said Blanche, half shyly, and with a beautiful blush, "you might have loved your wife in time?"

"I might have done so then," he replied, looking at her sadly. "But I fear now that love and hope are dead for me."

She drew nearer to him. I saw her shining eyes and quivering lips.

"Could you love her," she said, tenderly, "if she came to you and said, 'Allan, for my dead father's sake, forgive the past, and be friends?'"

He looked at her in utter bewilderment.

"If she came to you," continued Blanche, her beautiful face glowing with each word, "and said, 'I was a passionate, angry child then; but I loved you, and could not bear the slight of your angry words. Now I am a woman, and still I love you, and think no more of them.'

He tried to speak, but his lips could frame no word; his face grew deadly white, so white that I rose in alarm. I half thought he was dying.

"Who are you that asks me?" he said, at length.

"I am Blanche, your wife," she replied.

With a look I shall never forget, he drew near to her. In another moment the bright face and tearful eyes were hidden on his breast. I left them, and after two hours' absence I returned.

"How am I to thank you, Miss Erlecote?" said Lord Carleon, springing forward to meet me. "My wife has told me all that you have done for her. You have made me the happiest man in the world. How can I thank you?"

What a day of rapture that was! I shall never forget it. Allan would send for his mother, and her surprise, if possible, exceeded his own.

"You cannot mean to tell me," she cried, "that this beautiful, graceful girl is the same fiery little Blanche I saw before?"

"It is, indeed," said Lady Carleon, with a sweet smile.

"After this," laughed Lady Douglas, "I shall believe that everything is possible to love."

I thought Lord Carleon would never recover from his surprise; over and over again he made me repeat every detail of my stay at Ingledew House.

Not the least bewildered person was Mr. Wilson, when Lord Carleon sent for him and told him all. I think, too, he was slightly vexed that we had outwitted him, for he had never known of our absence from the old mansion.

I know no lady so happy as Blanche, beautiful and accomplished, idolized by her husband, petted and spoiled by his mother; universally admired and loved, there is no cloud in her sky. The silver lining is found at last.

Shall you care to hear, dear reader, that my aunt gave me a noble dower, and that I have been Lionel's wife for many long years?

We spend much of our time with Lord and Lady Carleon; yet I think we never meet without talking of the years we spent at Ingledew House.

In a Diving-Bell.

BY A. O. C.

ONE day, while on board the sloop of war Virago, in the harbor of Valparaiso, one of our midshipmen touched me on the shoulder, and said that Lieutenant Courtenay wanted to see me

"I have heard that you are something of a naturalist, Mr. Vincent," said the officer, smiling.

"No, sir," I replied, "no naturalist, but I take an interest in——"

"Oh, well never mind," said the lieutenant. "Have you seen our diving bell?"

"Yes, sir."

He then told me that he wanted me to go down under the sea with our old boatswain, Jones to look for a curious fish which on the previous day had been pierced and killed with a pike.

In form he said, the fish resembled a serpent, about thirty inches in length and had upon both sides of its neck a pair of singular appendages, something like wings. Its most striking peculiarity, however, was one eye, greenish color, situated in the top of its head. On being struck by the pike, the creature had rolled over, apparently dying, and then had gone out of sight.

"I think," continued the lieutenant, "that such a curiosity is worth securing, and I have picked you out to go with Jones, believing that you are interested in natural history."

I bowed acquiesence, and went away to make preparations.

The diving-bell was soon on deck, ready to be hoisted and swung over the side. It was a little damaged, but neither Jones nor I anticipated any danger.

We were presently in our places, singing out, "All right!" when the bell began slowly to descend.

Down, down, lower and lower. We glanced around us on all sides, but saw nothing of the strange fish. Curious looking specimens of the finny tribe, however, greeted us in many directions. We could see the sword-fish dart past, with its long, protruding bone-weapon, the globe fish, the sun fish, the moon fish, the balloon fish, and the spiteful looking shark, swept through the clear green waters, almost brushing the diving bell with their tails and fins

The air was becoming somewhat impure, so we opened the stop cock, and let it out, feeling a moment after a fresh supply sent down to us through the india rubber pipe or hose secured to the top of the bell.

Jones was about touching the signal cord to intimate our desire to be lowered still further, when we felt a sudden jerk, felt the bell going down rapidly, and, to our horror, realized that the rope by which the bell was suspended had parted from the hook to which it was attached!

Away went the pipe at the same moment, and we only saved ourselves from instant destruction by stopping up the aperature with a thick handkerchief; otherwise, the water beneath must have filled the bell in a very short time.

We heard the water roaring and gurgling around us as we descended; our descent, however, became every instant slower, until the confined air in the bell kept us suspended about two feet above the bottom of the sea.

The air in our floating prison now became almost unbearable, not only from its being so densely compressed, but also from long confinement.

Terror stricken, we glanced at each other, Jones's eyes, protruding from his head, looked bloodshot and tinged with a very strange green color, while his dusky skin seemed to shrink like shriveled parchment; but the most startling change in his appearance was the sudden apparently supernatural look of his visage. A man of fifty, he seemed at least thirty years older. Presently his teeth began to rattle in his head, his form was bent almost double, and he threw his arms around him in agony as if he were clutching at something.

How horribly useless this pantomime seemed to me! He wanted fresh air—to clutch at air! What a mockery!

"Mr. Vincent," he presently gasped, "the Lord have mercy on us! What shall we do?"

What could we do? I could only stare at him, stupid with despair.

The air in the bell became more and more stifling.

The boatswain flew to my side, and grasped hold of me in his extreme agony.

I endeavored to speak, but only a hoarse rattle in my throat obeyed my will. My brain began to whirl, and I gasped hard for breath. A terrible oppression was on my lungs.

The boatswain had now released me. I staggered against the side of our prison in a helpless state; my senses seemed deserting me.

Gradually, to my confused sight, a dark red cloud mist seemed to float up all around the bell. My head now felt as though it would burst.

Terribly oppressed, I fell upon my knees, and should have fallen into the sea, but for the boatswain, who now held me.

Then all began to grow dark. With a superhuman effort I half raised myself and looked around me, feeling like one groping in the dark. Bewildered, and full of the most agonizing pain, I became aware that something was swaying up and down before my sight; up and down in that red mist, mingling with the water. I made another effort—a great effort—to comprehend what it was, (this swaying thing) and at last I did so; I understood that it was a hook attached to the end of a rope, lowered to us from the deck of the Virago, so far above.

"I'll dash open the lens"—this was a glass in the top of the bell—gasped the boatswain; "then you stand by to hook it on the inside."

I just managed to hear the words and they strengthened me with hope though I was still so bewildered that I could scarcely now see the swaying hook.

The boatswain's arm was now before my eyes. With one blow of his fist, dealt with the remains of his great strength, he shivered the lens.

There was a roaring sound; it was the upward rush of the water into the bell as the air escaped.

There was no time to be lost. I thrust my arm through the aperture and drew in the hook, quickly attaching it to the top of the inside of the bell. The next moment the water came bubbling over the heads of the boatswain and myself, and that was the last I remembered of what transpired.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in the steerage, with the ship's doctor bending over me.

"A very narrow escape!" were his first words.

"Where is Jones?" I exclaimed.

"Here," replied a feeble voice; and rising, I beheld the boatswain a bunk under me.

"He had a narrower escape than you had," said the doctor. "The thumb of his right hand was bitten off by a shark, which made a spring for it as we pulled you both into the cutter after the diving-bell was hauled to the surface."

A mining engineer, writing to the London *Times* about the inadequate ventilation of the Metropolitan Underground Railway, says that while traveling on that line recently he became almost suffocated by the poisonous atmosphere, and had to be assisted out of the train before reaching his destination. On applying at a druggist's for a restorative the latter instantly exclaimed, "Oh, I see, Metropolitan Railway," and at once poured out a wine-glass of a peculiar fluid, which produced the desired effect. When asked whether he often had such cases, he replied, "Why, bless you, sir, we have often twenty cases a day." This is denounced as a disgraceful state of affairs in view of the fact that the roads can easily be ventilated by the erection of large fans.

Mr. C. W. Terpenning, "the Creston Poet," the Iowan rival of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, has been found to be mad, and sent to the lunatic asylum.

THE MASKS WE WEAR.

BY M. E. G.

I HAD heard much, and read more, in my early days, of "unrequited passions" "broken hearts," and "undying griefs," and hoped that at some time I should be the heroine of such a story, and the victim of such a grief—to know the luxury of an "eternal sorrow." Meanwhile, as I was far too young to hope for any distinction of that kind for long years to come, I looked right and left among my friends and acquaintances for one who bore the signs of such a hidden woe. I must confess that I found no such person among the number whom we called our friends. Our house was generally thronged with pleasant visitors, who were as little given to "sighing and grief" as honest Jack Falstaff himself.

Foremost among the gay crowd was one—a maiden lady of some five and thirty years—who, in spite of the difference in our ages, was my chosen companion, and my most intimate friend.

She was a tall, handsome, regal-looking personage, with a merry laugh and a keen and piercing eye, that filled with light and laughter at every fresh instance of my absurd sentimentality that her searching questions brought to light. Left an orphan, and her own mistress, at the early age of eighteen, she had also been left the mistress of a handsome fortune, that enabled her to gratify her taste for books, pictures, and travel, as she saw fit. She had "wandered in far lands," and brought from each country something of grace and beauty to adorn the pleasant little villa she called her home; so that to pass with her through the different rooms was to hear from her own lips a leaf from the journal of her own rich and varied experiences, illustrated by the miracles of art and beauty visible on every side.

Amid all our gay circle of acquaintances this woman was the one whom I most admired and envied; here was the home I would have chosen for my own—here the life I deemed most free from sorrow and from care. And to hear her rich free laugh at every word of sentiment I uttered, no one could ever have imagined that her own heart had been touched, her own soul wrung by the very pains and pangs at which she jested so merrily in all our fireside talks.

It was the one blot in her, for me, otherwise perfect character; this strange insensibility and coldness—this inability to feel and to reverence the passion of love. And pondering over it one day, I entered her beautiful home with a new volume of poems fresh from the press, which she had asked me to bring and read aloud to her—love poems, too; and I knew well how unmercifully she would quiz and laugh at them, and at me, if she should hear them.

She was not in the drawing room, nor in the library; so glancing in at either empty room, I ran lightly up the stairs, and like a privileged visitor, opened the door of her chamber softly, and entered to surprise her. My step on the soft velvet carpet made no sound, and for a moment I stood there, absolutely stricken dumb with astonishment, almost with terror.

The folding compartment over the writing desk—which I had always supposed to be a miniature bookcase—was open. Within I saw a portrait—the face of a man of forty, fair, calm, yet almost stern in the look of conscious power with which the blue eyes glanced out at the beholder. The outline of the face was perfectly classic; the brow was broad and high, the hair a soft chestnut, the lips closed firmly, with an expression that matched the glances of the proud blue eyes.

And before this hidden picture knelt my heartwhole, careless, and happy friend—her face hidden in her clasped hands, and her whole frame quivering with the anguish of her sobs.

"Dead! dead!" I heard her say in a stifled voice. "And oh! you never knew how well I loved you! You loved another! What did you care, and what was I to you? Oh, great Heaven! to think of it! My wasted love—my wasted life! And now the grave has ended all, and from Heaven you can look down, and see what you were—and are—to me—at last!"

I stole away. In ten minutes time I rang the bell below, and sent the servant to knock at the door of my friend's room, and tell her that I was there. Down she came in ten minutes more, elegantly dressed, calm, and greatly pleased to see me. We read the poems together, and she tore each sentiment to tatters with her usual smiling scorn. It was my first glimpse into the real world around me—my first glance beneath the smooth surface of the masks we wear.

The Custom House officers at Bombay recently found in a package sent by a Birmingham firm to a Parsee merchant five miniature guns only six inches long. They are believed to have been sent as models for larger weapons for Britain's enemies.

The ex Empress Eugenie has not yet been informed of the manner of her son's death. She only knows that he was killed in battle.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

PARROTS AND STARLINGS AT RAILWAY STATIONS.—A correspondent says that abroad on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway, at almost every station the station-master has a starling or parrot, so trained that whenever a train draws up at the platform it commences calling out the name of the station most distinctly, and continues to scream it out until the train starts. This is found an economical mode of informing the passengers where they are.

AN EARL'S FROLIC.—The wild English Earl of Rochester, who was nevertheless a man of genius, once for a wager maintained himself royally as a doctor on Tower Hill and made money by some vile compound. Not only citizens and poor people came to the noble quack, but his court companions, and it is said his own countess, who consulted him for a lovephiltre to regain her husband's affections, and yet failed to recognize him under the paint and patches of his disguise.

THE BLUDGEON AND DAGGER FAN.—Some Chinese "fans" are not fans at all. The "steel fan" is simply a bar of metal, shaped and painted to resemble an ordinary closed fan, and carried sometimes as a life-preserver, by the roughs, swell mobsmen and rowdies of China, to be used at close quarters with murderous effect. Of the same species is the well known "dagger fan," which consists of an elegant imitation in lacquer of a common folding fan, but is really a sheath containing within its fair exterior a deadly blade, short and sharp like a small Malay kris.

QUEER FUNERAL.—A dust contractor in the days of George IV. left instructions that the procession following him to the grave should comprise 12 boys carrying links, 12 men carrying dustman's whips and shovels reversed, a favorite horse, provided with cloth spatterdashes; a dust cart covered with black baize, the coffin in the cart surmounted by a very large plume of white feathers; 12 dustmen and brick-makers as pall bearers, all clad in white flannel jackets and leather breeches; the whole wound up by a long string of carts filled with dustmen, cinder sifters, and chimney-sweepers.

ADVANTAGES OF STAYING IN BED.—Bevard, the French physiologist, maintained that man is an animal who exercises the thinking faculty best in a horizontal position. Brinley, the great engineer, when he was fairly bothered and puzzled by some tough problem always betook himself to bed until he had solved it. Lord Melbourne's intimate friends would find that Premier calmly taking breakfast in bed, with letters and dispatches strewed all over the counterpane. The poets have been terrible fellows to get out of bed. The poet Thompson cultivated Laziness as a fine art, and thought out his poems in bed, and Pope, if anything was even worse.

CHINESE LOVE MAKING.—The *Celestial Empire* tells of a Chinaman who has lived among one of the most peculiar tribes and gives a curious account of their love-making. When the parents of a lad and girl think that a match between their children will be suitable the latter are directed to mount each a hillock distant 100 paces or so one from the other. From the summit the girl sings or chants, and when she has finished the lad responds in suitable language. The parents then ask the daughter if the youth among reciprocates her sentiments. If she say "yes," he is awkward whether he will take her or no. If he declines, both parties must begin all over again on some other occasion.

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.—The first Marquis of Abercorn, being determined, at least in his own arrangements, to obtain punctuality in his visitors invited a large party to dinner. The card mentioned five o'clock precisely. On that hour arriving, his lordship found himself attended by just one guest. They sat down to dinner and partook of the first course. About six the visitors began to drop in. His lordship was at dinner. No apology was made. They seated themselves in awkward confusion, looked at their watches and took dinner. The still more fashionable and refined portion of the assembly arrived about seven, and instead of dinner were served with coffee.

THE RAG ON THE BUSH.—Widely prevailing as the custom has been of attaching rags to bushes near springs thought to have healing virtues, and by the tombs of holy men, little is known of its origin. It once was common in Great Britain and Ireland; it is still observed on the Continent of Europe; it was practiced in Africa, Asia, and America. Evidences of its remote antiquity are abundant. In a recent paper read before the Anthropological Society, London, a writer described some apparent varieties of the custom, when other things besides rags were used, but with the same apparent motive, and he thought that they as well as the rags were offered as symbols of sacrifice or gifts sometimes to deities, sometimes to ghosts, and often as thank-offerings for cures of sickness, etc.

BEAUTY.

Some saintly souls sweet heaven pursue
  Unmoved by Love's caresses;—
And some fair Nature's charms engage
  Within her wild recesses.

O, happy souls, O sweet content,
  That know not Beauty's power!
For me such joys could ne'er suffice
  To soothe life's fretful hour.

Beyond all charms of heaven or earth
  All bound of right or duty—
I kneel before the peerless shrine
  Of women's grace and beauty.

Not only in her wondrous form,
  Nor in her magic glances,
Nor in a perfect *tout ensemble*
  Found mostly in romances;—

Where'er one trace of beauty lies
  If only in a finger,
Think not 'tis lost! Man's wistful eyes
  Thereon will surely linger.

Fair creatures! If ye only knew
  Your power for good or evil,
I wonder would ye wish to lay,
  Or rather raise, the d—l?

Phila., May, 1879. —THOMAS WISTAR.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"LEONORA," said Egerton, one morning, "how long is it since Walter Surrey wrote?"

"A long time," she replied.

"It is more than a month, I think," said Margaret.

Leonora turned her grave quiet face to Egerton and said in Spanish, "What is it you fear, Angelo?"

"That he has got into a racing and betting set," was the reply: 'for a long time his letters have been short and to me unsatisfactory. I am afraid he is getting into trouble, and is ashamed to write."

"Surely, Angelo, brought up as he has been he would not yield to temptation," said Leonora.

"The temptations are very great," replied Angelo. 'It is so easy to say to a young man take my bet for once,' and once done it is so easily repeated. More than all, it is so very hard to withstand the derisive sneer and mocking word and Walter is peculiarly sensitive to ridicule."

Leonora's answer was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with letters that had just come by the post. There were one or two for Margaret and Leonora, and a number for Egerton, but he put all aside for one large foreign looking one with the postmark of Lyons on it.

"News at last from Robert Harding," said Angelo. There was a short silence while he read. "Listen!" he said, "I will read aloud the letter from the detective:—"

'SIR,—I write, as you see, from Lyons, where most fortunately at this moment I am detained, having had the ill fate to be the witness to a murder, by a young man, who appointed a meeting with a lady who had declined his hand, and then shot her deliberately, because she had again refused to marry him. Nothing could be more unfortunate than my detention now, for I had just discovered positive information of my chase, and was on the point of sailing in pursuit. This is the information: he is in Naples, disguised as an Italian, and the companion of a gang of men who are disaffected toward the Neapolitan Government, I suspect, nothing less than conspirators. Every hour is of importance; and if you, sir, could go yourself to Naples, you might prevent him again slipping through our fingers.

"I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
"ROBERT HARDING."

"Margaret will you ring the bell," said Egerton; and when the servant appeared, he ordered his horse round directly, and then rose.

"Leonora," said he, "I am going to see at what hour to morrow any vessel leaves Dover for the Continent, and take my passage. I shall then settle some indispensable things, and call, as I return, at Seymour street to ask Marion to let you stay with her during my indefinite absence, for I don't like leaving you two young girls alone here."

"I am glad Julian and Isbel are still in Germany," said the Castilian; "it will save them much anxiety, and perhaps disappointment."

Egerton answered "Yes," and went out.

It was late when he returned, and then he went to his library, though he joined them in the evening in the drawing room; but there seemed a gloom upon them, as if all that was to happen before they met again had cast its shadow on them; the very dog Leon was restless and uneasy, and kept walking about or coming to Egerton or Leonora and whining.

As ten o clock struck Margaret Arundel, thinking that Egerton must have business directions to give his ward, bade them good night, and retired.

Egerton rose, and leaning lightly against the mantlepiece, said, 'Leonora, lay aside 'Montaigne's Essays,' and attend to me."

"Always obedient to your grace's will. I come to know your pleasure," said the Spaniard, dropping the book with a faint smile, that died away directly. "What is it, Angelo?"

"I want to give you one or two directions, as I do not know how long I many be away," replied Angelo. "I need not, I think, say that I wish no one to know where or why I am gone. Whatever letters come for me you must open, and answer to the best of your ability."

'You don't mean your private letters from friends?' said Leonora.

"I have no friends to receive such letters from," he replied, "save Julian—nothing that you might not see in such a case as my absence. Better that than that they should remain unanswered when perhaps they need it."

"I will do as you wish, Angelo," said Leonora.

"Then to morrow write to Harding, enclosing him the bank notes you will find in that little drawer in my desk, and tell him to come home, and let you see him when he arrives. Reward him handsomely, as I know you will, and dismiss him for the present; but tell him it is possible we may again require his services. For you, I have informed my bankers that your cheques are to be honored as my own."

"Angelo,' said the Castilian, rising up with an almost terrified look in her face, 'you speak and act as if you were never coming back."

"Life is uncertain," said Angelo; "I may die in Italy, or be killed."

She turned hastily aside, but he saw her chest heave, and a heavy tear glitter in the dark eye, and fall. There was silence for a few minutes, and then Egerton stretched out his arm and drew her to him, and like some soft music his low, gentle voice broke the stillness.

"Long ago I received you from the priest Alvarez. You were quite a little child when he put you into my arms and said, 'Take this child, and love and guard her as a priceless treasure.' I have done so; to no one else have I entrusted the treasure given me; my own hand and brain have trained my little one. You were so like my mother, Leonora, that my heart soon loved the little motherless infant; how much more, when her terrible death bound us two—the man and the child—so close together by the tie of common suffering and sorrow. I have brought you up entirely; of me you have learnt; you have been my companion in joy and sorrow, in trouble or prosperity; together we have traveled; in all and everything you have been my better angel, round who every fibre of my nature has twined like my very life itself. Oh Leonora! life without you were dark indeed. I have more than kept my pledge. As a treasure, priceless indeed, I have guarded you, and Heaven knows how I love you."

Angelo Egerton turned and opened his arms to clasp the young Leonora close to the heart that had loved her so long and so faithfully. It was long before either broke the silence, and then, without lifting her head from his breast, she whispered softly in the touching language of Scripture, 'Whither thou goest I will go: where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

'My little one—my own darling!" said Egerton. "Ah, Leonora! once I thought that I had lost my child love, and the years that lay before me seemed a dreary waste of time."

She nestled closer to him, and the little slender fingers wound clingingly round his hand; for she knew when and what he meant, but presently she said, 'Strange that while I could read others so well, I read my own heart so little. Till now I knew not how I loved you. Since that day in Madrid that you took me from the priest, and called me your little Spanish olive it grew in my heart; but till now I knew not how deeply and closely it had grown with my growth—grown part of my life and being and been the motive and secret main spring of nearly all my thoughts and feelings and actions."

"Truly, indeed, my gentle Leonora," said Egerton, 'have you proved the truth of your motto—'Love conquors all.'" And, bending down, he pressed a first holy kiss on her lips.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAS Angelo Egerton justified in his fears about Walter Surrey? Look into his sitting room one evening about a month or five weeks after Egerton's secret departure from England, and we shall see whether or no his fears were well founded.

There at the table sat Julian's ex pupil, bending over a book which we have no difficulty in recognizing as a private note book, not a betting book, he had not come to that yet; but there were some ugly array of figures and entries of bets, and certain ominous bills coming due shortly, all in the hands of Isaac Fakes, the usurer.

He had sat a long time bending over the book with an aching head and throbbing brow, and worse than all, with an aching heart too, for the stern dark face of Egerton, or even Julian's gentler countenance were not the only ones in his memory: it was a yet softer gentler one than either. It was the face and memory of Theresa Stanfield that was in the boy's mind and heart and while that young heart could worship a fine woman, and feel shame and remorse because he had done, though under sore temptation, that which she would weep for, or perhaps turn from in scorn—while he could still feel all this he so acutely alive to his folly—it wanted but a slender hand to lift him out, a hand firm and gentle, as Angelo's was, for all Walter's idea of its extreme severity.

Still his thoughts as he sat there were sad enough; he had on coming to college been taken especially in hand by a young man of large fortune, but somewhat wild habits. He was fond of the turf and betting on races, and it is easy to see how Walter young by nature, trusting, and practically inexperienced in the world, was induced by his friend and his companions to bet, and then in order to clear these debts of honor to accept the assistance of Isaac Fakes, the money lender, who pursued business at Cambridge as well as in London.

Thus it had happened and so it was that Isaac Fakes held Walter's bills, due in three days, for one thousand pounds, and how to meet them he had no idea.

"Fool! weak fool that I have been!" muttered the young man. "And now how shall I clear myself? How could I ever let Trelawney draw me into this vortex? It is my first hard lesson. Will Fakes renew them again? and if he will, it only sinks me deeper and deeper; for it must come at last. Egerton is no lax trustee and when I come of age must and will know it."

He rose, and began pacing restlesaly to and fro. Every feeling of honor and delicacy prevented him writing to Julian; for Julian could not assist him, save out of his own pocket, and naturally Walter shrunk from incurring an obligation where he had no claim, and believing, as he did, that Rothesay had nothing but his profession. Worse still to ask, or even allow, Julian to act as mediator between himself and Egerton, for that would irretrievably sink him in the estimation of both.

Then, again came the question of how to free himself from the debt which hung like a load on him, though Trelawney and his companions would have laughed at the idea of 'such a fuss about a paltry thousand pounds."

Why was it that he so shrunk from simply applying to his guardian? It was partly that he was ashamed to do so, partly that, despite the words of Mr. Bertram, he unconsciously exaggerated and dreaded Egerton's sternness and severity on all points, where anything jarred on his own sensitive, chivalrous honor; but there, as we know, he misunderstood Angelo. Then he shrank, too, from the mere asking an advance from Egerton, knowing, that being still under age, he could give no security, and that even if he could, Angelo would not take it.

In the midst of this miserable doubt and uncertainty there came a knock at the door, and almost before Surrey could say, 'Come in" the unknown entered. It was Isaac Fakes.

'Good evening, Mr Surrey," he said, in his smooth, half languid manner, and do not imagine him a vulgar, dirty looking fellow who bore "usurer" on his face; rather imagine a particularly clean, respectable looking man, with good though large features, and sharp eyes bright and cold, and hard as steel. 'Good evening, Mr. Surrey. I ask pardon for intruding on you, but can you spare me a few moments?"

'I can; sit down, Mr. Fakes," returned Walter, in a cold haughty manner.

'Thank you—no. I only wished to ask, to express a hope, that you will not fail to meet the bills due three days hence."

"So far from being ready I must ask you to renew them," replied Walter. "I only want five months to my majority."

"I cannot do it, Mr Surrey," said Fakes, and all the assumed languor was gone, though he spoke politely: "it isn't because I mistrust your honor. When I lent you the money on these bills I did it knowing you could not legally give them; but I knew you and knew your honor was my bond. It is my trade to know my clients. But I assure you"—and for once the man spoke the truth—"that this money is important to me to complete a purchase I cannot delay. I am sorry I cannot oblige you, but I must have the money. Your guardian will surely advance you the money."

A fierce answer was on Walter's lips, but he crushed it, and said haughtily:

"Keep to your own affairs, Mr. Fakes, and do not meddle with mine, so that you have your money. Sorry, indeed, am I that I ever was mad enough to incur the debt; but what is written is written. These bills are due on Friday, you say; on Friday I will be with you and close our accounts. Good evening." And he fairly dismissed the money lender.

But now his mind was made up—he must write to Egerton, and throw himself, as it were, on his mercy. There was nothing else to do; or if there was, it would but make the reckoning that must come thrice as bad.

Having once decided upon a line of action, he followed it out with promptitude, and sitting down he wrote at once to Egerton, telling him all from beginning to end, not even concealing the reasons why he had not from the very first applied to his guardian instead of a money-lender. Once writing, the truthful candor of his nature made him write everything.

The letter reached the house in St. James's Square by the next day's post, and, according to orders, the old servant, Burns, immediately sent it on to his young mistress in Seymour street.

Mrs Rochester had gone out "shopping" and taken Margaret with her, so that Leonora de Caldara was alone when Walter's letter was given her.

Though Angelo had expressly told her to open all his letters, and though he had repeated it the morning of his departure, it was always with a sort of feeling of doing something wrong that she obeyed.

She knew Walter's handwriting at once; she could see that it was a thicker letter than he had written for a long time, and remembering the fears Angelo had expressed about him, a less acute mind than hers would have guessed pretty near the truth, and she did.

What should she do? Angelo had been gone nearly five weeks, but she had not heard from him, and did not know where he was. Should she simply return the letter, and say that Egerton was absent; but then, if Walter had got into trouble, and was asking for advice or assistance, would not such a reply drive him into the hands of the money lenders. Would it not be better to open it according to Angelo's wish, nay orders, and see what it really was, and if she could, assist him as much as possible, as Egerton would have done.

"Better," she murmured, "that Walter should suffer shame or pain that I should know of any trouble he has got into, than fall deeper for want of timely assistance. Angelo would be angry with me if I acted weakly now, and as Julian is away, I must act promptly myself."

Leonora did not remain long uncertain in anything, as we have seen, and though her position was anything but pleasant, she opened the letter and read it, and glad indeed was she that she had found what it contained.

Prompt to think as to act, she at once determined to do what she knew Egerton would have done—send the money immediately. The first thing was to get it, and she rang, ordered her horse round, and her old groom Wylde to attend her, drew a check for twelve hundred pounds, and fearful of being after banking hours, rode at once to the bankers, and was home again before half past four, somewhat warm for a fast ride on a June afternoon.

Then she wrote to Walter explaining her position. She said that Angelo was absent on business, and as yet she did not know where; that he had told her positively to open all letters addressed to him. She was sorry, she said, that he had so misunderstood Angelo, but she had acted as her guardian would have done; and would wish her to do. Any arrangements as to repaying the advance, she said, she must beg him to leave till Sir Angelo's return.

The whole letter was written with the nicest delicacy and regard for his feelings. And though, when her kind and most sisterly letter reached Walter Surrey, he was at first pained and mortified that she should know of his folly, he could not but be grateful to her for so promptly and delicately assisting him; and he wrote and told her so; and told her, too, that he had learned a lesson he should never forget. And he kept his word.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LET us return for a brief space to a person whom we have, perhaps too long forgotten—our radical friend, Roland Aubrey, the companion and friend of Arthur Vivian.

Roland Aubrey was one of those unhappily constituted beings who are always coveting something which, when once possessed, is soon wearied of, and cast aside. False, passionate, fair spoken, and fickle, he only envied and coveted a thing or person till he obtained possession; but once won he was soon sated. Money was the only thing that he never wearied of; and he rarely stopped at anything to obtain it, for he was as unprincipled as he was false.

When he had first met Leonora de Caldara that night, more than a year before, on which he had given her and Colonel St. John shelter from the snow drift, her extreme beauty, young as she was, had made a deeper impression on him than perhaps anything had in his life before, and the impression was in no way lessened when he learned from the colonel that she was the ward of Sir Angelo Egerton, of Falcon-tower; and though many long months passed before he again saw her, the memory of her image did not fade, as others had done.

Subsequently in London, during the period

that Leonora was at Forest Moor, he had availed himself of the colonel's invitation and called on him, and it was the latter who had introduced him to Egerton as the gentleman who had so courteously received himself and Leonora; and Egerton, grateful for any service done to his ward too proud also to remain willingly under an obligation, and naturally taking Louis's introduction as a passport, gave Aubrey an invitation at the same time that he asked Louis

Roland accepted it, and again met the young Spaniard, more beautiful than ever, the more so in his eye for the rich gold in which the jewel was set; and Egerton noticed with a secret smile the attentions which Aubrey paid his ward.

When they returned to town, Roland, in attempting to continue their guest, soon found that Leonora at Falcontower and Leonora in London were two very different people. As his hostess, her courtesy had made her treat him with a patient gentleness and tolerance which his vanity had construed into receiving his attentions; but in town, where no tie of hostess to guest bound her, the Castilian treated him with her usual cold hauteur, and placed a barrier of cold reserve between herself and him. He was like most fickle, obstinate characters, only rendered more determined and zealous by opposition, whether tacit or open; and both from that and vanity Leonora's haughty coldness did not daunt him; for with the very lowest possible opinion of women, he set it down to coquettish arts. How very different was his estimate to the high standard of the chivalrous Egerton.

* * * * *

One day Marion Rochester was sitting alone in her boudoir, lonely and sad enough when the door opened, and Leonora came in with her silent step, but a troubled look on the usually quiet face that instantly alarmed Marion, who, since her meeting with Austin Rochester, had grown more restless and nervous.

"What is the matter, Leonora?" she said hurriedly. "Julian—has my husband"——"

"Hush! No, no, Marion. Look here. What shall I do?"

There was an open letter in her hand, and she gave it to Mrs Rochester, with the indignant blood flushing through the pale, clear olive of her cheek.

"How dare he send me that?" she said.

"My dear child," said Marion, "why it is actually an offer of marriage from Roland Aubrey Coolly penned, too, on my word! Well, you will write directly, and refuse him."

"But, Marion, I don't know what to say," said the Castilian, half laughing, and still half indignant. "I should say something too bitter and haughty. See how self satisfied conceit is in every line. The whole effusion looks as if he had got it from a French novel. I wish you would answer it for me."

"No," replied Marion; "if I do, he will call here and want to see you."

"I would not see him for worlds," said the girl energetically.

'Sit down at my desk there and write," said Marion "Come, Leonora, you, who receive and answer Angelo's business letters, must surely know how to write a refusal to an offer. Tell him you are engaged to Egerton."

"But you know, Marion that the orthodox way is to be sorry to decline the honor, et cetera, and I won't write any such falsehoods; for I'm not sorry, and consider it rather an insult than an honor."

"Well, then," said Marion, with something of her old merry laugh; "say, Sir,—I consider your offer of marriage a dire insult, and desire you to consider yourself kicked."

Leonora laughed outright at this, and taking up a pen in a sort of desperation, wrote off an answer which Marion read over her shoulders

"That will do," she said. "You certainly have given him reason to utter 'Haughty as an Infanta.'"

"I mean to do so," replied the Spaniard, as she sealed and directed it. 'If he comes here Aunt Marion, you must see him, for I will not"

Mrs Rochester promised, and the letter was sent.

To say that Aubrey was not annoyed would be untrue; but it would be equally untrue to say that he was seriously daunted; he was nothing of the kind.

"These women," he muttered, with a supercilious smile, "are full of airs and arts to bring us more humbly to their feet, and this Spanish child of fifteen is an adept already. Well, she is worth some trouble to win, for her curious beauty is quite irresistible; moreover, Egerton will of course dower her richly So to morrow I will call on her temporary guardian, Mrs. Rochester and ask for an interview with this coquettish little lady"

The next day Aubrey stepped into his cabriolet, and drove to Seymour street. He thought he saw Leonora at the drawing-room window, but when he was shown up only Mrs. Rochester was there. She received him chillingly, for though she had laughed at Leonora's amusing perplexity and indignation, she was in truth somewhat indignant at his coming after so very decided a refusal as he had received; but Aubrey, after the first few words of greeting that politeness required, said:

"You seem surprised to see me to-day, Mrs Rochester."

"To say the truth, Mr. Aubrey," returned that lady in the same cold, haughty manner, "I am surprised, when I remember the letter which I presume you have received from Miss de Caldara."

"I received it, indeed, Mrs. Rochester," he replied, "and I could not rest till I came to entreat permission to plead my cause in person. Uncertainty is terrible, suspense is unbearable, and——"

Marion interrupted him, for she saw through him, and there was an almost unconscious contempt in her tone as she said:

'Pardon me, sir, but permit me to say that when Miss de Caldara gave a refusal she meant a refusal; and if you require further confirmation, allow me to inform you that the lady is already engaged, and has been for more than a month."

'Engaged!' exclaimed Aubrey, starting and rising quickly.

"Aye, engaged to Sir Angelo Egerton," returned Marion, rising also; "and before long will be his wife."

"Then, madam," said Aubrey, crushing for the time his real rage, "I can only beg you in my name to express to Miss de Caldara my deep regret for any pain I may, nay, must, have caused her."

Aubrey bowed low, and took his leave, but with revenge in his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN her last interview with her husband, Eveline Vivian had told him, and told him truly that she was dying. She had never been strong, and from the time her baby died, she had never rallied. If Arthur had been kind to her she might have done so, but almost from the first he had treated her harshly; for a short while after the infant's death he had been a little more gentle, but then he had gone away for more than a year, and when he returned he was harsh as he had been before. So it had gone on; he cowed her timid spirit, and ended by breaking her heart.

Eveline was dying now; it was impossible for even her poor grandfather to blind himself to the fact. From that Christmas day that she had seen Arthur she had sank rapidly, but his name never passed her lips, nor that of her father either; but she clung more closely to her grandfather and sister, who was with her too, for Eveline never left her room now and was only moved from the bed to a sofa. They asked her once whether she would not like to go into the country. No, she replied; the only peaceful hours her life had known had been passed in that dear old house, and she would die there.

And so she lingered on till summer; she had always said, as a little girl, that she should die in summer, and she reminded her sister of it with a smile that had not been on her lips for many a long day.

Death came suddenly at the last. It was one evening in June when the rays of the setting sun were streaming into the room, and on her wasted white robed form as it lay on the sofa, which had been wheeled near the window. They had been very silent for a long time, thinking she slept: perhaps she had, but if so, she was not asleep now, for presently she said, quietly, "Look at that setting sun, for my life will set with it I shall never see another sunrise."

Theresa came and knelt by her; the old man bent over her, but neither uttered a word She spoke again after a time.

"When I am dead, lay me in my baby's grave, in the little churchyard at Forest Moor. Ah! Essie."

"What, Evie?' said her sister.

"If it had lived Arthur might have loved me," she replied; "but God's will be done"

"God is a merciful God, my child," whispered the old man.

'Oh! grandfather, but I have not kept His commandment; for I made me human idols, and fell down and worshipped them."

"And in his love, my darling, He took one to himself and broke the other idol. Whom God loves he chastens."

"He has chastened me heavily," she said, "very heavily; but it has brought me nearer to Him. God be merciful to me, a sinner!' Dear Essie, don't cry so dreadfully; promise me you will never leave grandfather."

"Never, never—I promise," said Theresa, forcing back her tears.

"Thank you. Grandfather, give me your hand; yours, too, Essie."

She sank back, clasping their hands, and lay very silent and quiet, for a long time so calm and peaceful, that it was long before they knew that she was dead:—

They had thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE Highlanders never forget a service nor an injury, and in the latter quality Roland Aubrey resembled them, though he had but little of the former—not that he deliberately and on calculation forgot a service or a friend, but it was that he was too fickle long to retain any impression, save a very strong one; and that meanness and falseness of disposition made him dislike the hand that had done him a good service, and hate the person to whom all good feeling and generosity bound him to show gratitude. In fine, he was a type of a very large portion of the world. You had only to do him a kindness or service to make an enemy of him One person only had he any feeling for that had survived a first acquaintance, and that person was Arthur Vivian; nor was it so strange as it might at first appear; for independent of the mutual dissipations and wild life that had in part bound them together, there was a fascination about Arthur, in his manners, in his strange wild beauty and talents—ay, and in his very atheism and deviltry of character, the more so for the rare and strange flashes of something better—something of remorseful memory of his innocent childhood, that was like soft and far off music heard through mist and darkness.

The soul which, however dark and evil, can be touched by music, and the sight of a little child, is never utterly lost. The spirit that can feel remorse is never beyond hope.

Perhaps it was these powers of fascination, so fatal to their possessor, which made the usually fickle Roland Aubrey hold to Arthur Vivian, even as an exile and fugitive; though even then the selfish calculation of the man showed forth; for he argued that if he befriended Vivian now his talents might be useful to him one day. That was in part the idea that had crossed him when he first assisted Vivian in escaping after the attempted murder of Leonora; and ever since he had continued the same line of conduct, always being aware of some central point by which to keep up a communication. And now the time had come when Roland intended to reap the fruit of the seed he had sown, and put Vivian's talents and extreme beauty to some purpose. Behold the rejected and vindictive suitor of Leonora—the rival on whom the haughty Egerton had not even deigned to shut his doors seated now in an apartment in an hotel at Naples; while opposite to him, lying on a couch, is the elegant form of Arthur Vivian, one beautiful hand supporting his head, and half hidden amidst the curly masses of his burnished hair, the other idly toying with a small dice box.

'So," Aubrey was saying, "you have managed to escape the clever detective whom Egerton sent after you?"

'Yes, I have," replied Vivian; "though he was a sharp fellow, and gave me much trouble I gave the knave the slip, though," he added, with a reckless laugh. "But I have escaped a greater, and more imminent danger."

"What—who?" asked Aubrey.

"From Sir Angelo Egerton himself," was the reply.

"Egerton himself!" exclaimed Aubrey. "What do you mean?"

Vivian lifted his head, fixed his brilliant, almost gleaming black eyes, on Roland's face, and said, "We have known each other long; and false and fickle as you are in most things, you have never been so to me, and I don't think you will be so. Can I trust you?"

"You can, Arthur Vivian," replied Aubrey; "and, by Heaven! if it is anything that will place Egerton in my power, you may count on me to the death. I would give anything for revenge on him and Leonora de Caldara!"

"Ha! would you!" exclaimed Vivian, starting up "Then, indeed, there's a strong bond between us—the bond of mutual hatred Why do you hate them so bitterly?"

'Rather, why do you, Arthur?" inquired Aubrey.

'It is an old score," he replied; "is it not enough that they are hunting me to death, that this man has himself come in pursuit, and, but for a most lucky chance, must have had me now?'

"Arthur, you are speaking in enigmas," said Aubrey; "what do you mean?'

'Tell me first your reason for hating these two," said Vivian.

"It is simple," was the reply. "You know how I first met the senorita; you know her extraordinary beauty."

"And," said the other, "that she is the ward, almost daughter and heiress to Egerton. She has golden charms"

"Daughter!—ward!" exclaimed Aubrey, passionately; "his wife, you mean, unless we can stop it."

"You needn't tell me any more," said Vivian, with the cold icy sneer most habitual to the beautiful mouth. "I see what your reasons are now"

"Seeing it then, make common cause with me," said Aubrey.

'Say," said Vivian; "is your motive mere revenge, or do you think you have still a chance if you can make a split between her and Egerton?"

"Are you a believer in woman's faith?" sneered Roland.

"By the Lord Harry!" returned Vivian with a laugh, "my wife was so faithful that she wanted to come abroad with me."

'Ah, your wife; but this is different," said Aubrey. "By the way, your wife is ——"

"Well, what?" said Vivian; he had sunk back again, but he raised his head, and spoke impatiently.

'She is very ill," replied Aubrey; "she is dying."

'She told me that at Christmas," said Vivian.

"It was true," said Aubrey. "I arrived here to day; and the day before I left England I saw in the *Times* the announcement of her death."

Vivian's face changed, and he turned it aside, murmuring. 'Poor Eveline! poor little Evie! I wish my last word to her had been a kinder one, though I never cared for her." For some moments he was silent; and when he turned his face again, there was no trace of the momentary softness that had thrown real beauty into the handsome features. "What is written, is written," he said in his usual hard half reckless, half sneering way; 'that is another page in my life turned over."

'Begin the new leaf then, by telling me of this Egerton," said his companion; "how and where you saw him"

"Listen, then," said Vivian. "I trust you because your interest is mine, and to betray me would be to betray your interest. I won't weary you with details; it is enough that when I fled here from Lyons where I last escaped my pursuer, I joined, the better for concealment, half a dozen men, who were conspirators against their government—this of Naples. We met in a deserted and half ruined villa out of the city, which had plenty of secret escapes, and one too from the police. We used to go masked and in slouched hats, and heavy black cloaks. About five or six weeks ago we appointed a meeting, for one of us, Alfieri was going to introduce a new member, a Spaniard, he said, by name Alava, who had for many years been an exile in Naples on account of his Carlist politics. Well, we all met, and Alfieri brought this Don Carlos de Alava, a very tall, stately man, so closely masked and disguised in his Spanish hat and mantilla, that nothing of him was visible, save his coal black hair, and even his eyes were shadowed under his hat. Still, there was something about his figure, about the bearing of the whole man, that wasn't utterly strange to me, though too undefined to connect the impression with any particular person. It was some time before he spoke, and then it was to address me in the most courteous manner and in the purest Tuscan, though without the slightest sign of recognition. But the moment I heard the voice I knew my danger Angelo Egerton is not a man to be once seen and heard and forgotten; my memory, too, is very tenacious, and I had heard him speak in the House eleven years ago, and when he was in Italy five or six years ago with his ward, though he didn't see me. You, who have known him personally, must have noticed how peculiarly beautiful his voice is, so soft, and deep, and musical, and though so low, heard so distinctly——'

'Like music on the waters" quoted Aubrey. "Yes, I noticed it. His ward's is just the same. I don't wonder at your recognizing it again; but what did you do? You spoke of knowing your danger. I should have said his, for he was one to six, not to say seven."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A nervous woman applied for assistance and protection at a London Police Court a fortnight ago. She said she was feeling continually mesmerized and magnetized by her husband and his two English servants. They could mesmerize her at a distance, and she was dying miserably by it. The magistrate said he was afraid it was not a matter of which he could take cognizance. 'If death ensues," asked the timid creature "is not that enough? I am gradually dying and the substance of my body is being taken away. I have had thirteen doctors during the year. Cannot you have my husband before you, and question him about it?" The magistrate observed that he could not. The applicant replied:—"You are an English magistrate, and you connive at private murder. Good morning."

Swarms of butterflies are reported from Southern and Central France They first appeared in Italy and Spain. On Saturday, June 14 the Marseilles coast was covered with them. A cloud of white and yellow butterflies passed that day near Montelimar station, the passage lasting fifty minutes, while stragglers followed for another half hour. The invasion has extended as far as Alsace. At Avegers there was a swarm estimated at 20 000 which, after passing over the public walks traversed the Rue du Mail at only a slight distance above the ground. Near the forest of Fontainebleau they were less compact, consisting of groups of a dozen or twenty each. Westerly gales and occasional thunderstorms have occurred simultaneously with this unusual phenomenon.

Mr. R M Pulsifer, of the Boston Herald, quotes the statement that the people of the United States pay $700,000 000 a year for entertainments and fermented liquors, and only $85 500,000 for education, and $48 000 000 for religion.

The Duke of Bedford has remitted an entire half-year's rent to his agricultural tenants.

REMINISCENCE.

BY A. C.

I gave her a cluster of blossoms,
She wore them all day on her breast;
I saw them, and thrilled with wild pleasure,
And—you can imagine the rest.

We lived in a world as delightful
As any that ever was known,
And Love was the king that we worshipped—
We gave him our hearts for a throne.

I remember I kissed her at parting,
And I vowed it to always be true;
And she whispered, through tears as she left me,
"I'll never love any but you!"

Last night, at a party, I met her—
No longer the delicate girl
That she was you ages when I loved her,
Ere life filled our hearts with its whirl.

And I could not help smiling to see her,
With figure so heavy and round,
For she used to be slender and airy,
And dance like a sylph o'er the ground.

And her face was as red as wild roses,
And shone like the silk that she wore;
And it used to be fair as a lily,
Just tinted with pink, and no more.

They gave us a grave introduction;
I think she'd forgotten me quite—
But presented to me her first daughter,
A pretty young lady in white.

And then, as I thoughtfully sauntered
Away to my bachelor hall,
I mused, "What is life with its fancies,
Its crosses, or joys, after all?"

A Soldier's Legacy.

BY A. T. W.

THE Russian campaign of Napoleon and its deplorable issue is well known.

In this fatal retreat, cohorts retraced their steps over fields, despoiled and barren, through burning cities; soldiers, their limbs stiffened with the cold, dragged themselves along in the footsteps of their leaders. Emperor, generals and soldiers were plunged in the same misery.

In time they came to Orcha, where Marshal Ney was waiting for them with the remains of his once magnificent corps.

The Emperor was then about to start to make some movement he thought would help him out of his difficulty, but would not go without having done the honors of the general quarters to the intrepid companions in arms of the marshal. He himself watched over the distribution of the succor so necessary to these brave men, who had so long struggled for existence with hunger, cold and the fire of the enemy. He caused the wounded to be placed in carriages, addressed to them words of praise and consolation.

When he had fulfilled this task—at once noble and mournful—when he had performed this duty of general and emperor towards the soldiers of Ney, Napoleon retook the road to his bivouac. But at the moment he was saluting the brave colonel of the eighty fourth—who, although severely wounded, still remained constantly on horseback—an old soldier, whose greatcoat was in rags, precipitated himself before him, holding in his hand the relic of a Russian flag, and presented it to Napoleon.

"What would you, my brave man?" asked the emperor.

"Sire, I wish to offer you what my benumbed hands have retained of a standard. The Cossacks have left me only a morsel; there were three, this is all that is left. Take it, my emperor, for I fear I shall not be able to retain it long."

"Very well, my friend, I thank you."

Napoleon took the fragment of silk presented to him by the grenadier, and looked at it attentively.

"Yes, it was a Russian flag," said he, examining it. "I see still the double cipher; it is worth as much to me, as if is were whole. Have you the cross?"

"Yes, sire; you gave it to me at Wagram."

"Well, then I will give you something else."

"Thanks you, my emperor, but I need nothing."

Then he stepped back a few paces, but immediately returning added:

"Apropos, my emperor. I told you that I needed nothing. On the faith of Marc Chaussard, I am a liar. If I could get some old greatcoat to replace mine—which only figures on my shoulders as a relic—I should be infinitely obliged to you. I ask only that, my emperor and we are quits."

Napoleon could not suppress a smile.

"A greatcoat," repeated he; "you shall have one. But you have no time to wait, have you?"

"Not too much, my emperor it is true."

Napoleon wore his polonaise of green velvet trimmed with fur, which Constant, his chief valet, had prudently thrown over his shoulders at the moment the snow had begun to fall. By a rapid movement; he threw off his cloak, and flinging it over the head of the grenadier said:

"Here take this! It is as good as a greatcoat; it is yours. I give it to you."

The soldier, astonished, looked alternately at the cloak and the emperor. He was preparing to make a new observation, when Napoleon shut his mouth by saying in a tone of severity:

"Take it, I tell you; it is my will!"

"Thanks, then, my emperor."

And Napoleon went away, while Marc Chaussard lifting the cloak of the emperor with a feeble hand, prayed one of his comrades to assist him in placing it on his shoulders.

"The little corporal is right," said the grenadier; "it is better than a greatcoat. Here is a famous emperor, who strips himself to clothe one of his soldiers. It is perhaps wrong for me to accept it. But hush! the little corporal has commanded, and the grenadier should obey."

And Marc Chaussard, proudly raising his head, rejoined the platoon of soldiers, which alone represented the eighty fourth regiment of the line.

The French army continued its retreat, engaging every day in partial combats, in which it nobly sustained the honor of its eagles.

The Russians had marked out its tomb already amid the snows; their pursuit became daily more eager, more sanguinary, and the route of the remnant of the regiments strewn with corpses.

One of them, the eighty-fourth, distinguished itself by a heroic constancy; and in its thin ranks a soldier was conspicuous by a cloak, whose luxury was strangely contrasted with the wretched accoutrements of his companions. He was always the first in combat, though he wore only a sabre. His fingers, paralyzed with cold, could not manage a gun, but he encouraged his companions. He was always the first in combat, though he wore only a sabre. His fingers, paralyzed with cold, could not manage a gun, but he encouraged his companions. As for himself, no ball could reach him; he appeared invulnerable, or rather believed himself so beneath the cloak of his emperor.

But he did not always wear the protecting cloak. When he saw one of his companions about to yield, he went to him, stripped off his cloak, and covered him with it to warm his stiffened limbs. He had declared in a positive manner that the cloak of Napoleon belonged to the Eighty-fourth. This disinterested soldier was Marc Chaussard.

Now it often happened to Marc Chaussard to be delayed in his march by unforseen accidents; the need of repose also compelled him to stop. Then, he was exposed to dangerous encounters, far from his faithful comrades of the Eighty-fourth, exchanging balls with the Cossacks. His cloak had more than once nearly been fatal to him; for it excited the envy, and tempted the cupidity, of the officers, who, for the most part, were no better clad.

But Marc Chaussard was gifted with a singular credulity; he had faith in the invicibility of the emperor's cloak, and piously believed that no one could lay on this garment a guilty hand.

But ere long his sufferings and privations did their work and Marc Chaussard soon recognised that he must resign himself to lose his life.

Meanwhile, a thought of high import occupied his mind—to whom should he bequeath this cloak? If the Eighty-fourth had been there, he would have chosen the bravest of his regiment, perhaps the colonel, for his legatee. And then, he knew the chances of war, and the risks that his legacy must run, if not confided to a faithful depository. Such were the ideas that filled the old grenadier's head, when he summoned the surgeon to his bedside.

"Have I yet two days to live?" he asked, earnestly.

The surgeon shook his head. Marc understood this.

"It is well," said he. "Now, surgeon, will you render me a last service?"

"Willingly. What is it?"

To write to the third company of the second battalion of the eighty-fourth of the line, to which I have had the honor to belong."

The surgeon procured a pen, ink and paper.

"I am ready to write," said he.

Marc Chaussard dictated the following will:

To my friends, the grenadiers of the 3d company etc. My dear comrades—I am to remain at Wilna. It is impossible for your old comrade to go farther. I give and bequeath to you a superb and magnificent cloak, of the best quality. Our emperor gave it to me at Orcha. M. Ossandon, assistant surgeon at the hospital, here present, is commissioned to forward it to you."

"One moment" said the surgeon, interrupting him, "what do you expect the company of your regiment to do with this cloak?"

"Wait, surgeon, I have not finished:

"I expect and insist that on the receipt of the said cloak, the tailor of the regiment cut it into equal portions, according to the number of the company, in such a manner that each man may have a souvenir of his emperor, and also of Marc Chaussard."

"This relic is well worth bequeathing," said the surgeon.

Marc Chaussard could scarcely write his name, he drew rather than wrote it below the letter, an operation in which he was aided by the surgeon.

"Now," said the dying man, "I must discharge my debt to you. Here is my cross—my cross at Wagram! Keep it; it is for you, surgeon. It will bring you happiness."

M. Ossandon received the cross; and, pressing the already icy hand of the old grenadier, said to him, in a softened voice:

"Be easy, my brave man, the cloak and the letter shall go to their address."

Two hours after this scene—which had so much moved the invalid—when the surgeon returned to him, he had ceased to suffer.

But his features presented no trace of the last convulsions of death. His countenance retained a sweet serenity; only his shrunken hands still clasped to his breast the cloak of the emperor, which had not left him for a single instant.

On the 21 of May, 1813 Napoleon, visited the battle field of Lutzen, which had been the theatre of a bloody conflict. He asked to what regiment belonged the soldiers who had paid, with their lives, for the conquest of the Russian and Prussian batteries. A hundred and fifty grenadiers were lying beside the enemy's cannon, which they seemed to be guarding.

This was the third company of the Eighty-fourth regiment of the line. Each of the officers and soldiers who composed it wore on his breast a little piece of cloth, each was a legatee of Marc Chaussard, for the testament of Wilna had been faithfully executed.

A BURMESE LADY GAMBLER.

THE Burmese are great gamblers, and at a certain season of the year it is permitted by all. A father does not attempt to keep his son from gambling debts. Nevertheless, here, as in every other society where gambling is practiced, it is the prolific cause of immorality and crime. One peculiar case was once brought me judicially. As intimated above, both sexes are accustomed to gamble, and many to gamble, and many stake their bets as the boats come up to the wharf to show themselves off before going to the starting-post. In this way a pretty girl of eighteen or so, of very respectable family, bet five rupees on the first race with a young man, a neighbor who met and joined her party at her stand. Losing this bet, and having no more money with her, she backed her gold ring against the five rupees doubled; on the third race she bet her gold necklace against her former losses; and as fortune still crossed her, she next offered to lay her bracelets against the ring and necklace, which was accepted. Strange to say, the bracelets were also lost, and all her ornaments were at once handed over to the winner. She girl was now driven to despair, for the jewelry belonged to her mother, who, when provoked, was wont to punish her severely. The young man seeing his advantage, and having been for some time a silent suitor for her hand, offered to lay the whole of his winnings against her promise that in the event of her losing she would become his wife. For a moment she started with anger at the whispered proposal. But then those beautiful bracelets—that necklace that her young friends all so envied—her mother's rage when she returned home! Surely she could not lose a fifth time. But the girl did lose; and having not the slightest intention of taking up her "I O U" on the following day, she repaired to me. Her mother and her elder sister came with her up to my house in the greatest grief, exclaiming, "Oh, save! save us from this disgrace!" Then the above account was given me in tears and sorrow, and the girl added, "He now demands the fulfilment of the promise! Oh, save me! save me!" I sent for the young man; of course held the promise null and void, and earnestly lectured them on the folly of gambling, and the misery it usually produces.

Three of the surviving descendants of Massasoit, the noted Indian, Mrs. Mitchell and her two daughters, are passing the summer in camp at Betty's Neck, a tract of land on the shores of Assawampsett Pond, in Massachusetts. They are also descended from John Sassamon the Christian Indian, whose murder at the instigation of King Philip brought on the great Indian war. The Mitchell family are of pure blood, as their features plainly show. They take great pride in their descent, and one of the daughters wears a perfect Indian costume. She says that if she had been in Massasoit's place she would not have allowed one of the Pilgrims to live through the first winter.

Mr. W. W. Gray, the reputed inventor of an electric motor, is now at work in Huntington, Pa., where he is giving his attention to the invention of a machine which will do away with the steam engine in the production of the electric light.

Miss Thompson (Mrs. Butler) has been requested by Queen Victoria to paint for her two battle scenes—one of them being of the field of Rourke's Drift. This is considered a great compliment in England.

A VIENNA PAGEANT.

A correspondent, writing from Vienna, says:—Among the pageants of the Roman Catholic Church here is one that is celebrated every year with more pomp and grandeur than you would give these modern times credit for. It is the Corpus Domini and symbolizes the moment when the sacred water is transubstantiated into the Lord's own flesh and blood. This ceremony is especially attractive because the Emperor with his whole court attends it, and indeed it is considered one of the few duties of the Empress to do the same in a low court dress with a train of about ten yards' in length. But the Emperor is dispensed from wearing the train, although he must expose his bare head, covered by very spare locks indeed, to the merciless sun for two whole hours. Yesterday morning, as early as 7 o'clock, a long line of court carriages stopped before the Gothic porch of St. Stephen's dome. The Emperor followed by all the high functionaries of his court and of the government, walked up to the high altar and attended high mass. When that was over, the procession, the greater part of which consisted of the clergy, began its march. This is a rare opportunity for seeing every one at his best—the ministers in their uniforms, the Hungarian magnates in splendid fur and velvet coats, the members of our highest orders, the Germans, Maltese and Golden Fleece, all in their splendid uniforms and all bareheaded, of course. The streets through which the procession passes are covered with boards, and these again are strewn with grass and flowers. At seven or eight places the procession stops, a mass is read, during which the Empress kneels—when she consents to take a part in the procession at all. The Emperor walks just behind the Archbishop who, happier in that respect than the monarch, has a canopy carried over him by a dozen priests. In his hands he bears the golden chalice. The finest part of the whole cortege are the Hungarian guards on horseback. They wear tiger skins over their coats, which are fastened on the breast by a large silver-clasp, and which, along with the tiger skin covering their horses' backs, gives them a strange wild aspect. They are all fine fellows, with daring Hungarian features, and they ride nothing but the best horses their country produces. It must be rather difficult to make these fine steeds walk at so slow a pace on boards that increase the clatter of their hoofs tenfold. Until a few years ago there was one strange figure who never failed to take a part in the procession. An old lady of high descent—she was a relation of the house of Hapsburg—always made use of her right of following in the rear of the imperial family. She was so impoverished that she could only afford to live in a garret at the top of the house and could keep no servant. She was however, far too proud to accept assistance from the powerful and wealthy kinsfolk who offered to help her, and every year when the Corpus Dominic fete came round she would don her old green silk gown, made according to the fashion of fifty years ago, a tattered veil that half hid her wrinkled face with its aristocratic, careworn outline, and before the eyes of all Vienna walk close at the heels of the Emperor—a rare example of old-fashioned vanity and pride. She is dead now and has been interred by order of the Emperor in one of the imperial vaults.

Queen Victoria's present to the Emperor and Empress of Germany on the occasion of their golden wedding was a beautiful majolica tray two feet in diameter, described as follows: The groundwork is composed of gold of such richness that the Cupids and floral emblems, which are painted au natural, look as if they were raised on a background of beaten gold. The central part of the plateau is filled with the arms, on separate oval shields, of the Emperor and Empress, surrounded by the imperial crown. The border is composed of a wreath of Cupids holding garlands of orange flowers and myrtle tied together with turquoise ribbons. These seem to spring from a seated Cupid below, holding in his arms a tablet, on which is inscribed the date, "1UNI 11, 1879" while in the centre of the wreathe above are entwined the initials "W. A." painted in forget-me nots and roses.

It is a singular fact that not one of the Imperial Napoleons has died in France or on French soil. Napoleon I., the founder of the family, died a prisoner on the British Island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean; his son, Napoleon II., died in Austria; his nephew, Napoleon III., died an exile in England, and now his grand-nephew, a young man whom the French Imperialists have hoped would one day rule France as Napoleon IV., has met his fate at the point of Zulu spears in South Africa.

Fontanelle thought that eating asparagus was promotive of length of days. Voltaire also is said to have been fond of that vegetable.

William H. Vanderbilt is said to have enriched his collection with an additional $50,000 worth of paintings during his recent European trip.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
  Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
  The dryest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
  She draws her favors to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
  Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
  No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
  The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
  The well that holds no grist, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost;
  Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

All For The Best.

BY H. W. H.

IT was the eve of one of those close, oppressive summer days—which are more generally felt in the city of New York than in any other part of the world—when the air, or such of it as there is, appears to come from the mouth of a heated oven, yet is at the same time damp and moist, rusting all iron implements to a greater degree than water itself, rendering all woolen stuff clammy and noisome, and seemingly clogging all the pores of the human body with stagnant perspiration.

At the window of a pretty house in one of the up town avenues—a house not large or pretending, but betraying in all its features true good taste, if not the opulence, of its inhabitants, comfortably and gracefully furnished, with abundance of good books and fine engravings, and one or two really handsome pictures—looking out somewhat anxiously into the growing darkness, sat a young, gentle looking and extremely pretty woman, scarcely more than a girl in years, with a beautiful little boy of about two years old on her lap.

At length, as the gloom deepened and the lurid gleams on the horizon became more frequent, and were now followed by low mutterings of distant thunder, the city clocks struck nine in succession far and near, filling the air with their brazen clangor. Then the pale lady rose from her seat, clasping the boy to her bosom, and kissing his golden curls as she sighed:

"Nine o'clock," she said, half playfully, half sadly, speaking to the child. "Nine o'clock, and papa not come home to say good night to Willie. Willie must go to bed now—his eyes are sleepy."

"No, no; Willie not sleepy," answered the boy, though a heavy yawn belied his words. "Willie must see papa—little sister Minnie sleepy, for she baby; Willie, big boy, not sleepy. Please, ma, let Willie sit up little longer."

But though she doted on her eldest born, the young mother was firm and judicious. Another half hour, and all his childish cares, if he had any, were buried in oblivion; and he smiled sweetly as he slept, dreaming perhaps of some unfinished sport.

Meantime the sad and anxious wife had resumed her weary watch beside the window, and sat there, unseen in the increasing gloom, until the clocks had all told midnight. Then the ear of the watcher, fearfully quickened by anxiety and sorrow, caught the remote sound of an irregular and hurried footstep plashing over the sloppy pavement, and recognized it, when another person could scarcely have detected it at all, as that of her belated husband.

Long before he had approached the steps, she stood awaiting him, with her trembling finger on the latch, within the darkened entrance hall; and as he ascended to the threshold with languid, weary steps, she threw the door wide open that he might come in, and throwing her arms about his neck, fell upon his bosom.

"Thank God!" she cried. "Thank God, you are come back, dearest! I have been so nervous, and so frightened, Hervey—I know it is foolish, but I cannot help it when you stay away so late. O, Hervey, I almost begin to hate that office of yours."

"You have good reason, dearest. More reason far than that it keeps me absent from you—though it will offend in that sort no more," replied the young husband, returning her caress.

"What do you mean, Hervey?" she exclaimed in tones fuller of animation than of grief. "But come in and get some tea—it will refresh you, and you shall tell me all about it at your leisure."

And she drew him along gently into a pleasant little parlor, with a tea-table tastefully, rather copiously, spread with fruits, and two or three kinds of light bread, and glass pitchers of iced milk, and a tea kettle hissing merrily over a blazing spirit lamp.

"Now, tell me, dearest, all your troubles," she said with an almost merry smile, after she had helped to all the good things of her graceful board. "And don't for pity's sake look so woe begone. I'm sure they're not half so terrible as you would make them out. Nothing can be terrible to me, so long as I have you with me, and the darling babies."

"Angel," he said, looking at her wistfully, with a tear in his fine blue eye, and a wan, sickly smile on his pale lip, "if it were not for you, I could face the worst in spite of fortune; but now—"

His voice faltered, the passion of poor Lear choked him—he was silent.

"What is it, dearest? Tell me; fear not to tell me, Hervey. I can bear anything but this suspense. You do not know how brave women can be, when anything real is the matter. It is only in little matters we are cowards."

"We are ruined—utterly, hopelessly!" he answered. "I have been struggling on day after day in agony and anguish; this night's post brought me the news that the anguish and the agony are over. A southern house has failed that owes me above sixty thousand, and will never pay six hundred. I have stopped payment—all is lost!"

She laid her hand lightly on his arm, and looked up into his face with large, earnest eyes as she asked:

"Not honor, Hervey Aston?"

"Thank God, not honor!" replied the young man, clasping his hands together. "I can pay the utmost farthing of my liabilities, but it will take everything to do so. This house must be sold—nay, is sold already; your little fortune, Clara, is gone to the winds. We have nothing left but your five hundred acres of wild land in Michigan, and perhaps a few hundred dollars."

"Nothing is lost—nothing, nothing!" exclaimed the beautiful woman, her whole face lighting up in a radiant ecstacy of joy. "O, I am so happy—so happy; and we will go away and live in the beautiful free country, far away from that hateful Wall street, and its base business, and banks, and brokers. I never thought *business* was fit for a gentleman, a gentleman for business. If you had not been a genteman, Hervey, you would not have failed at all; or if you had, you would have failed rich. O, I'm so glad it's all over; so glad, Hervey—so very, very glad. It may be all for the best."

"God bless you! I believe you are an angel." And he obeyed her gentle spirit-ing and retired.

From that day Wall street knew Hervey Aston no more; and though grave, influential rich men shook their heads when they named him, and spoke of "Poor Hervey Aston," I have my own doubts whether he was indeed so much to be pitied.

It is a glorious afternoon of October; the rich purple haze hangs over the mellow distance and the many colored woodlands. It is a level, champaign country, and there are no mountains in view; yet is the landscape redeemed from the charge of insipidity by the diversities of its broken, rolling surface, and its picturesque intermingling of woodland, arable fields, and natural meadows waving with rich, unchanged grass, and gay with wild flowers of the gayest and most gorgeous hues. Separated from the large pasture by a rustic fence of gnarled oak branches, stood the mansion of the rural proprietor.

It was but one story in height, built throughout of of neatly squared logs, with a shingled roof projecting with wide eaves, which, being supported by stout columns of natural wood with the bark left on, formed a delighful and shadowy portico around the whole edifice.

Over this opulent and lovely scene the sun was verging toward the west, when a fine, athletic looking man of some five and forty years issued from an oak grove, carrying a fine fat doe recently slain across his shoulders, and a short, heavy double barrelled rifle in his right hand. A bugle horn was slung about his neck, and a couple of tall black and tan stag hounds followed at his heel. Just before reaching the shore he raised his bugle to his lips, and wound it clearly and well, till all the hills and woods sent back their cheery music. Instantly the whole house was on the alert; four or five negro handmaidens showed their bright ebony faces peering out from the floors of the out buildings, two stout farm servants, black persons, likewise, descended the hill leisurely to meet the master; while from one of the windows there stepped out into the portico a graceful and lovely female figure, a young matron in the prime of mature womanhood, before the flight of years had stolen a single charm from form or feature. With her came three children—a noble, curly headed boy of twelve or thirteen, a fairy girl with long, flowing curls of gold, perhaps one year younger than her brother, and a fat little roll about nondescript of four or five.

"O, mother, mother," cried the elder boy, "here comes father with a deer which he has killed, and Cato and Sam are going down to take care of the canoe, and bring up the dogs and game. May I not run down and meet them?"

"Certainly, Willie, away with you, and tell father to make haste, there are letters for him from New York."

Away went the happy boy, careering through the green pasture like a frolicsome young colt, rejoicing in his vigor and strength, and ere long returned in frank, animated converse with the handsome, athletic sun-burnt gentleman whom he called father.

"Welcome home, Hervey!" said the lovely wife. "I see you have brought home a hunter's burthen; you have had good sport."

"And a hunter's appetite, also, Clara, I promise you. So let us have supper as soon as may be. The New York letters will keep monstrous well, I'll warrant them. No bad debts nor protested notes now a days, hey, Cloara? Come, Master Willie, make yourself useful, and bring me up some cool water to my dressing room. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

And in ten minutes he made his reappearance, glowing from his recent bath, and dressed as become a country gentleman in his house. Supper and Clara were both ready and both charming.

The supper was ended; and such a supper—broiled rock bass from the lake, and venison steaks, and roast prairie fowl, and bread of a dozen kinds, and butter such as men may not eat in cities, and native Catawba wine, scarcely inferior to sparkling hock, and fragrant coffee, and cream as thick as porridge.

The letters were discussed—at one of them, Hervey looked grave, then laughed. "Soh! my good uncle, who would not speak to me when I was poor."

"What of him, Hervey?" asked Clara, a little nervously.

"What of him? Why, two hundred thousand dollars to set me up, if I'll go back to Wall street and become his partner. A fair offer, is it not, Clara?"

"But you'll not take it—you'll never take it, Hervey?"

"Never, indeed, Clara; not if he'd make the hundred thousands millions! I have been a merchant; I am a man. I have no desire to change again unless you fancy to shine at Saratoga and New York, or to show diamonds at Mistress Hauton's—the queen of Golconda they used to call her—in Astor Place. What do you say to that, ma'am?"

"Not for worlds!—we are so happy here."

And the children cried in chorus, "O, so happy!" And Hervey Aston chanted, in a voice full of jollity, a parody on the song:

"A much-loved band, in a prairie land,
And the life of the West for me!"

The Island of Saghalien, to which a large number of persons suspected of being connected with the Nihilist conspiracy are to be deported from Odessa, lies off the mouth of the Amoor, and extends some 600 miles along the east coast of Manchooria, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Tartary. The island was first occupied by Russia in 1858 in pursuance of the policy she has steadily followed for two centuries, of bringing the Russian seaboard on the Pacific down to a temperate climate. In 1870 Japan gave up her share of the island to Russia. Owing to the existence of coal on it, and also through its position as a natural outwork covering the estuary of the Amoor, Saghalien is in some respects a valuable possession, but it can hardly be esteemed a desirable place of residence. Situated in from latitude 45 degrees to 54 degrees north, its climate appears to be much colder than that of most other places in the same parellel; and the island, it is stated, is entirely covered all the year round with fogs of extraordinary density. Attempts have been made to colonize the island, but without success.

An interviewer of "Sitting Bull" says: there is something remarkable in his face. It is rather broad and fleshy, but the determined line around the mouth destroys the impression of flabbiness. His eyes are wide and black, and piercing. The upper lids are heavy, and the outer corners hang over the eyes as if the brain had escaped into them. His shoulders and chest are broad and strong, and the arms muscular, and the hands awfully dirty. He was dressed in blue leggins, beaded moccasins, a shirt made of the same material, figured like the patterns of broche shawls and his blanket was bound lightly around his waist, for the afternoon was intolerably hot.

One of the English judges has received a handsome ring from the United States, accompanied by a letter in which the donor, while concealing his real name, expresses his gratitude to the gentleman in question. It appears that some years ago the man who had been rightly charged with having committed a forgery was acquitted, owing entirely to the favorable summing up at his trial. Since that time he has lived honestly, and now honored and respected by those who know him. Comparing his present position with what he might have been had things gone differently, he rightly gives the credit of his good fortune to the judge who presided and sends the souvenir in consequence.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone it is not well to throw aside the restraints and observances of social usage.

Scientific and Useful.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The electric lamp is recommended as the best and safest means of illumination in coal mines and flour mills, where explosions are likely to occur.

HINTS TO PEDESTRIANS.—To those who take long summer walks, we would say, do not wear cotton stockings; your feet will soon be blistered. Wear woolen stockings, and if you can find the means to rub the soles with cold cream before starting, your feet will not be blistered at all.

JAPANESE CEMENT.—Mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water; then gradually add boiling water until a proper consistence is acquired, being careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan. This glue is beautifully white and almost transparent, for which reason it is well adapted for fancy paper work, which requires a strong and colorless cement.

NEW METALLIC ALLOY.—A French metallurgist is reported to have produced a new metallic alloy, which presents the advantage of working as well cold as hot, and which may be forged without losing its cohesion; it melts very rapidly, and can be afterwards submitted to the operations of hammering, rolling and punching. It is said to be cheaper than brass, and to cost much less than red copper. In the state of homogeneous fusion, it consists of 60 parts copper, 38 2 of zinc, and 1 8 of iron.

ELECTRICAL SPEECH.—A very sensitive microphone, in which the carbons are held together by a piece of paper folded in the shape of a V, is used as a transmitter. The receiving telephone has the diaphragm and cover removed, and a spring is fixed at one end on the wood, and at the other end to a piece of soft iron resting on the magnet. A light bamboo, with whalebone point, is attached to the spring, and makes representative traces of the words received on decalcomanie paper.

GLASS CASKS.—A new kind of cask has just been invented, which is replacing those now made of wood. They are made of glass, and of different sizes. Among the advantages they possess may be mentioned that they are proof against all leakage and evaporation, and keep the liquid placed in them fresh and pure to the last. They are stronger, when kept stationary, than the wooden casks, having, in the experiments made, withstood a pressure which shattered the ordinary casks to pieces.

GLASS THREAD.—To make fine glass thread, the glass is brought to a state of fusion, a glass rod dipped in it, and thus a glass thread pulled out, which solidifies first in its thinnest parts, and so causes a thread of uniform thickness to be obtained. If this thread is placed over a hot metallic cylinder, and the latter revolved, any length of thread may be obtained; the thread may be obtained finer by revolving the cylinder more rapidly. A bundle of such threads look like a bunch of silk, and it has therefore been called glass silk. It is now largely used in Germany, and especially in Austria, for filtering liquors in laboratories. In the microscope the threads are as fine as those of silk or fibrilla of cotton; they break more easily than the latter, but are excessively supple.

RECENT APPLICATION OF COMPRESSED AIR.—On the roof of a manufactory near Paris is erected a wind mill, which works a suction and forcing pump, for the purpose of compressing the atmosphere into strong receptacles made of iron plate, hooped round, until the air is condensed some eight or ten atmospheres. When one receptacle is full, it is taken away and replaced by another, which is filled as before. Thanks, therefore, to the wind, which costs nothing, a considerable motive-power is collected in some twenty or thirty receptacles. This force is afterwards used, as may be required, for putting into motion the different machines used for polishing, planing, and turning a whole series of different articles, generally known as "Articles de Paris."

Farm and Garden.

WAX FOR GRAFTING.—A good wax for grafting purposes and for covering wounds in trees: Five parts, by weight, of rosin, two parts of beeswax, two parts of beef or mutton tallow, or enough to make the wax soft and easily applied.

CHARCOAL FOR CATTLE.—Charcoal, pulverized and mixed with water, is now highly recommended as an agent for relieving cattle suffering from any derangement of the stomach, such as bloat, hoven, etc. This should be remembered. There is no doubt of its efficacy, if abundance of concurrent testimony can be relied on.

EVERGREENS.—Large evergreens are very much out of place on the sunny side of a house, while they form an appropriate screen and wind-break along the cold and exposed sides of the building. Shade trees are often planted too near to our dwellings, and too thickly, so as to make the house dark, damp, and cheerless.

FARM AND RHEUMATISM.—The *Science of Health* says: "If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not over-eat when in that exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have little or no rheumatism.

WASHING SHEEP.—The practice of washing sheep before shearing, says an Eastern sheep raiser, is very disagreeable, and is unnecessary. Nothing is gained in the price of the wool; in fact, the usual deduction made by wool buyers for unwashed wool leaves an advantage with the seller. The practice is dangerous to the health of both men and sheep, and may well be abolished.

RATS ON FARMS.—A farmer says: "Four years ago my farm was fearfully infested with rats. They were so numerous that I had great fears of my whole crop being destroyed by them after it was housed; but having two acres of wild pepperwort that grew in a field of wheat cut and bound with the wheat, it drove the rats from my premises. I have not been troubled with them since, while my neighbors have any quantity of them."

FARM FACTS.—For bruises or sores, boil sma tweed in chamber lye add a little soft soap, and wash twice a day. A good remedy against the scale insect is to use a suds made of carbolic soap, and brush the affected parts with it thoroughly, leaving it to dry thereon. For throat distemper, grate fine a small green wild turnip, or, if dry, give a heaping spoonful, mixed with bran or oats. Never fails. Good for coughs.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 19 1879.

BE CHEERFUL.

WHAT a thing it is to be cheerful, and to have cheerful people about one. Life, except during the pressure of its most terrible calamities, always has a bright side, and those who look at that side are far the wisest. Yet there are excellent people who go about bowed down under a weight of forebodings, who feel sure the worst thing possible will happen; who, indeed, make it manifest that, in their opinion, it has already happened. A funeral is not more sad in their eyes than a wedding or a christening. To be sure, they do not wear the "customary suit of solemn black" at these latter; but, in their light silks and white gloves, they groan, and they water the orange flowers and white rose buds with their tears as thoroughly as they do the cypress.

"*Poor*, dear Matilda Jane," they say, "may she be happy—but it's not likely when one knows what men are; or, if she is—if he is all that can be desired, of course she'll be left a widow; and then what *will* she do? for he's too improvident to leave anything."

To Mr. and Mrs. Doleful Dumps the sky always threatens rain. Water proof and umbrella, and your worst dress, is the costume they always advocate. Five minutes delay on a journey is untold misery to them. The air is always close, or there is a draught. It is "perfectly frightful" out of doors, either because of sun or rain. Any social occasion is always remembered by the toil and labor of getting ready for it, and the faults of a friend are enumerated when he is spoken of, not his excellences. No seat is comfortable, no condition agreeable.

In contrast to this, how delightful is a breezy, merry creature who enjoys life; who loves "the fun" of getting ready for anything; who doesn't mind an hour's delay, and rather likes rain, though sunshine does make him or her "so jolly;" who had just as soon have the chair that is too high or too low, and rather prefers the piano stool that doesn't work well; who has inevitably "had such a splendid time!" and shrieks with laughter over accidents that are almost the cause of suicide to the Doleful Dumps set. Such a cheerful creature is more precious than gold or diamonds, and though the Doleful Dumps may groan, blots them out as sunshine does the darkness, when one throws wide the door.

ALWAYS remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

SANCTUM CHAT.

COPPER is no longer capable of producing a sufficiently deep tint in old lace to satisfy the fashionable taste, and saffron is required to stain the trimming used on black satin dresses in Paris.

—

LUXURIOUSNESS is the proper thing with bed linen now, as well as with everything else. Many sheets are made of cambric, scalloped at the edge, and bordered with Madeira work. Some are ornamented with lace and insertion. Pillow cases are generally square, and are often trimmed with Valenciennes lace and bows of colored ribbon. Blankets have often scalloped edges, with a little spray of flowers worked in each scallop. They are sometimes bound with colored ribbon.

—

GUINNESS, the brewer, lately gave the most brilliant entertainment of the London season thus far. Rank, fashion, and wealth were mingled. The feature of the evening was the floral decoration. Even the cornice of the room was hung with garlands of summer roses to the number of 10,000. The house is in Grosvenor place, and was built by the Duke of Westminster for his eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, but passed into the possession of Baron Stransberg, who figured there for three seasons, and then drifted into the hands of his creditors.

—

THE tragic death of the Prince Imperial will recall to the minds of many persons the French prediction, which has unhappily been only too faithfully verified hitherto, "*Tout enfant ne aux Tuileries ne regnera jamais*" The child born at the Tuileries will never reign. The end of the young Prince gives the last touch to the striking likeness of his career with that of the Duke de Reichstadt. Both had been born at the Tuileries in the imperial purple, and both in the month of March, at fifty five years' distance. Both were doomed to premature death in exile.

—

AMONG the trinkets stolen from the Prince's body by the Zulus was a ring greatly valued as a family relic. It was set with an antique cameo, and had formerly belonged to Queen Hortense. Napoleon III. prized it highly as a memento of his mother, and wore it constantly on the little finger of his left hand. It was thus doubly precious to the survivors of the family. Doubtless this treasured trinket now adorns, in some distorted shape, the ugly person of an African savage. It would be curious to trace the history of that cameo, from its origin among the splendors of ancient Rome or Athens down to its present inappropriate destination.

—

"DON JUAN," writing to the *Parisian*, describes two fancy costumes that were worn at a recent dinner by a brother and sister. The lady wore a canary bird costume, made of canary-colored silk, trimmed around the bottom with chickweed garlands, amidst which were small feathered heads, the birds being made half of satin and half of silk. The headdress was composed of three small canary birds, with malicious physiognomies, pecking at a rose. The gentleman, who styled himself an unhappy Cupid, wore an azure colored tunic, his hair powdered, and a crown of roses on his head, a garland of roses for a scarf, and as mustaches two moss rosebuds.

—

IT is remarkable with what irreverence the true Parisian treats foreign nations. To him commercial thieves are "Jews;" usurers, "Arabs;" certain thieves, who have a peculiar trick well known to the guardians of the till, are "Americans;" implacable creditors are "Englishmen;" people of little education are 'Savoyards;" ugly people are 'Chinamen;" the devotees of wine are 'Poles;" the hard cases are "Cossacks;" the vagabonds are "Bohemians;" all porters are not Swiss, but all the Swiss are porters; the race of hired applauders, who are also called the "Knights of the Chandelier," take the name of "Romans;" finally, the honorable workers, who make a profession of cheating at play, are "Greeks."

—

SOMEBODY in London has begun to establish a "Seashell Mission," whose work is akin to that of the "Flower Missions" which have proved so popular in various cities. Children who live by the sea side are to gather shells, which are to be sent in boxes of 200 each, to be distributed among poor children in homes and hospitals. Many children are fond of shells for toys, and to weary little fellows who have to pass tedious days on hospital cots a few seashells to play with will be a welcome boon. For such purposes shells have an advantage over flowers, in that they last longer; and a disadvantage, in the ease with which bad and wicked children can use them to throw at one another and knock one another's little eyes out.

—

M'LLE CAROLINE, the Parisian dressmaker, is indeed an autocrat in the exercise of her opinions when she says to her customers, "It is useless to choose that shade. That is not the tint that I want you to wear." "That will not become you. You will look like a provincial." "Countess though you are, you look like a doll of Jeanneton." Mme. Rodrigues dismisses customers who do not please her with, "No, mademoiselle; you do not inspire me; you must go to some other establishment;" or, 'You are pretty, but you are not my style. We shall see later;" or, "You are too blonde for me. I could find nothing pretty for you." American dressmakers do not go quite so far as this yet; but they aspire toward this trait of Parisian perfection.

—

A LONDON correspondent writes that the famous beauty of London society, Mrs. Langtry, has most successfully stood the wear and tear of London life and late hours and over heated rooms, and the peach bloom on her cheeks does not fade, nor will it rub off. She once offered her handkerchief to a gentleman who was sceptical on this point, and asked him to try. The modeling of the temples is exceedingly fine, the arch of the brow delicate; the eyes are sapphire-blue, set in an orb of tender curve; the hair, which is soft brown, is worn low enough over the forehead to mark the contrast of color with the eyes; and when this lady is amused her laughter gives an animation to her countenance that is sometimes wanting. The face has faults which is easy to criticise, but the beauty of it as a whole is beyond denial.

—

RUSSIA has grasshoppers and locusts in addition to her other troubles. A Russian journal prints an account of the experience of a detachment of troops who were met by a swarm of the latter near Elisabetpol, and actually forced to retrace their steps. They settled so thick on the soldiers' faces, uniforms, and muskets that the Major, driven to desperation, ordered firing at them for half an hour; but this produced no effect, and a march back was ordered. The swarm covered an area of thirty five square versts. France, in the matter of insects, has gone in strong for butterflies, and reports are published of extraordinary swarms of sulphur colored butterflies, moving in incredible numbers across the southern portion of the country, and at times obscuring the sun like a cloud.

—

A CASE of the most fiendish cruelty is that of Marcelline Roy, who is described as a woman of medium size and of a gentle and prepossessing appearance, and has just been sentenced to death at Vienna for the murder of her step daughter, Natalie, a child of three years. The story of the cruelty which she practised upon this step daughter created the greatest excitement. She systematically tortured the little creature to death, which she finally brought to pass by compelling it to swallow pins and needles and fragments of wood. An autopsy revealed 16 pins and 32 needles, which she had administered in soup and a glass of wine. She was found guilty, without the "extenuating circumstances" that so commonly attach to verdicts that concern women, and will expiate her unnatural and monstrous crime on the scaffold.

—

A FRENCHMAN has the credit of inventing an apparatus for aiding in the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, or who from any other cause have been temporarily deprived of animation. It consists of a cylinder of sheet iron large enough to contain the body of an adult person. It is closed at one end, and the inanimate individual is inserted, feet foremost, in the receptacle as far as the neck, round which is placed a padded diaphragm, fastened to the cylinder so as to be airtight. An air pump, attached to an opening in the tube, creates a partial vacuum, and then the outer atmosphere, by its own pressure, forces its way into the lungs by the mouth and nostrils, which are left exposed. By a reversed action of the pump the air is allowed to re enter the cylinder, and respiration is thereby re-established. A glass plate inserted in the iron casing enables the operator to watch the movements of the chest, which rises and falls as in life with the working of the pump. The action may be repeated, it is stated, eighteen times in a minute, an exact imitation of natural breathing being thus produced.

—

IT is contrary to the law in Cyprus to cut down trees. The son of an old priest, having cut one down, was summoned to answer. He being ill, his father went in his place, and was condemned to seven days' imprisonment, and to lose his hair, moustaches, and beard. One of the sacredotal attributes of the Greek priesthood, says a correspondent, is to have their hair and beard grow long and intact. They are supposed not to use razor or scissors. Although the French may think that "The dress makes not a monk," the orthodox Greeks think quite the contrary, that "Beards and long hair make the priests." It is said that the venerable old priest begged very hard, and tried all he could to escape such an outrage. He offered to give the whole of his fortune, even to lose his head, rather than submit to such an ignominy, but of no avail. After the operation he attempted to collect all the hair and keep it, but to complete the disgrace, the zaptiehs and prison wardens picked it all up and threw it away. The consequent excitement of the Cypriotes was very great.

—

IT may perhaps be of use to those anxious to become orators to know that from some cause or other almost all speakers occasionally not only lose the thread of their argument, but lose all knowledge of what they are talking about. I have seen this occur, says a writer in one of our English contemporaries, with many of our most experienced orators. When it happens they repeat a few vague generalizations until their thoughts come back to them, and then they fall back again into their speech. Thus their temporary wool-gathering escapes detection, except by those who watch them very closely. An inexperienced speaker, instead of doing this, pauses, gets confused, and sits down in despair. Another great mistake of budding speakers, and indeed of many who are in full bloom, is to speak too quickly. A person who wishes to be heard can hardly speak too slowly. He should pronounce not only each word, but every syllable of each word distinctly. Mr. Bright once said that nothing had cost him more trouble than to learn to speak slowly. A clear, deliberate utterance of every syllable, with pauses to mark the stops at the end of each sentence, does not produce the effect of tediousness, but the reverse.

—

INJUDICIOUS bathing is as likely as anything else to cause sickness at this time of year, and although plenty of good counsel has been given to careless people on the subject, the need of attention to the matter is as great as ever. The Royal Humane Society has issued these concise and seasonable hints, which, if borne in mind by bathers, will ensure safety: Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration, and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after being a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats, after having been in the water, but leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

FLOWERS THAT NEVER FADE.

BY M. W. C.

Flowers there are that never fade;
But they bloom not in the glade,
Where the violets sweet are springing,
Where the bright winged birds are singing.
Bloom they in the gay parterre,
Bright exotics, nursed with care?
No, ah no, these oftimes die,
Blighted by a zephyr's sigh.

Flowers there are that ever live,
That can lasting fragrance give;
Those who seek to find them may;
And they'll cluster round the way,
As we are traveling to the tomb,
Throwing brightness o'er the gloom,—
Religion, truth, and virtue pure,
Are fadeless flowers that e'er endure.

The Country Cousin.

BY F. P. A.

CHAPTER I.

NOW, girls, stitch away; there's lots to do yet, and none too much time to do it in. Here's the trimming to put on my dress, and the lace on Fanny's skirt, besides that white wreath to alter. Oh dear, how I do wish I could afford a new one!" said Sophy Harrison, with an impatient jerk at the flimsy fabric on her lap.

"Could I do anything?" asked a plainly dressed, quiet looking young girl, who had been for some time surveying the scene in silence.

"Of course you can," replied Sophy; "but it is a shame to set you on to work so soon. Besides, perhaps you have something to do for yourself?"

"Oh no, my dress is all ready. Shall I tack that lace on?" and without waiting for an answer, Maggie Cameron was soon working away as busily as the rest.

"What are you going to wear, Maggie?" inquired Sophy, after a pause, during which needles and thread had been swiftly flying to and fro.

"I have but two evening dresses with me," replied Maggie; "a white muslin and a blue grenadine. I will wear whichever you like."

"Oh not blue, I beseech you," said Sophy, "it would quite spoil the effect of my peach blossom. White will suit you admirably, and a red rose will look delicious in your dark hair."

"Frank Wilford is to be at the party to-night," said Fanny.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Sophy, dropping her work with a sudden start; "I wish I had known that before, and I would have had a new wreath!"

"Ah, but Kitty Ansell is going, too," said Fanny. "So there's not much chance for you or anybody else."

"I don't know that," said Sophy. "At any rate it's no harm to try; and who knows what may happen. '*Nil desperandum*' is my motto. Are there any nice young men about your place, Maggie?"

"I don't know indeed," said Maggie, laughing; "I go out so very little when I am at home."

"Oh I forgot," said Sophy. "My aunt is very strict isn't she, and makes a little nun of you? I should hate that. It is so charming to go to balls, and plays, and concerts; only one's obliged to cut and contrive one's dresses so, and that's horrid."

"You should have white muslin," said Maggie, innocently; that always washes and looks new again."

"Yes, but that's as old as the hills, child," replied Sophy. "Nobody wears anything but grenadine and tulle, unless, indeed, one could afford lace. Now, the dearest wish of my heart is to wear a black lace—real lace, mind you—over pink satin. Oh, wouldn't it be heavenly! Lotty Stephens has one—over amber silk—such a beauty! —but then she's going to be married, and can have anything. Heigho! I wish I was."

"There, that's done!" exclaimed Fanny, jumping up and throwing down her thimble; "make haste, girls, it only wants ten minutes to five, and we must be ready soon after eight. How long do you take to dress, Maggie?"

"Oh, about half an hour, I dare say," was the reply, "but——"

"Half an hour!" screamed Sophy; "hear her! Why I am going up now, and I shan't be ready one bit before the time. I shall be an hour, at least, doing my hair. What a little rustic you are, Maggie!"

Maggie's color rose; but she only said, quietly, "Mamma does not like me to spend so much time over my dress, cousin: so I shall be ready to help you, if you like."

"That's a darling," said Sophy; "so you shall; for I want to look killing to-night, I can tell you."

The Harrisons were a large family, three girls and as many boys; and Mrs. Harrison and her daughters being excessively fond of show and company, it was almost as much as they could do to make both ends meet at the year's end, particularly now when the girls were all "out," and doing their best to get off. Their cousin, Maggie Cameron, who had been brought up in a very different way, had come to spend the winter with her aunt and uncle in the large, bustling town of Winterbury, where there was always plenty of gaiety in some shape or other all the year round. The eldest Miss Harrison, Sophy, was nearly three-and twenty, and her settlement in life was becoming a matter of very serious consideration, for visiting and late hours are not favorable either to eyes or complexions, and a fair beauty soon fades.

By eight o'clock on this particular evening Maggie was dressed, and down stairs long before the others, who, as is usual with young ladies on such occasions, were full half an hour behind the time. At length, however, they all sailed in, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with their heads an elaborate mixture of frizzles, puffs, and flowers, and their skirts so voluminous, that how they ever got in them must have been a puzzle to the uninitiated.

Maggie's costume was a decided contrast,—a plain white muslin, tastefully yet simply trimmed, and made, too, without the sacrifice of modesty in which ladies delight at the present day, for it actually did cover the fair smooth shoulders, and really had sleeves, and not shoulder straps. A single flower of deep velvet crimson nestled in the glossy brown hair, and a handsome pearl locket, suspended by a piece of black velvet round the slender throat, completed the simple costume.

Maggie had never looked so well. Her cousins surveyed her in silence, and only Sophy exclaimed, "My gracious, child, you've no bracelets, or bouquet, or fan, or anything! But it's too late now; make haste,—the cab's waiting."

Maggie had never been at so large a party before; and the sudden plunge into so much brilliancy and fashion fairly dazzled her at first. But this feeling soon wore off, and the music was so exhilarating that she felt almost ready to dash off and join the dancers there and then.

"Does not your cousin dance?" inquired young Wilford, whom Sophy had successfully manœuvred to get for the first round dance.

"Oh yes, I suppose so,—I wonder mamma has not found her a partner yet," answered Sophy, not quite exactly pleased at the inquiry.

"Perhaps you will introduce me," he continued, as the music ceased, and they found themselves nearly opposite Maggie, who was half hidden by Mrs. Harrison's satin skirts. Sophy complied, rather ungraciously, and then seated herself by her mamma, exclaiming that she was tired to death, and should like an ice, of all things. Of course there was nothing to be done but to comply with her request, and offer his services to escort her to the refreshment-room, which afforded a delightful opportunity for a little quiet flirtation. Before they returned, Maggie had another chance of dancing; and, after that, she found no lack of partners for the rest of the evening, which passed away much too easily for the fresh young girl, whose early bloom had not been sullied by any of those scenes of childish dissipation known as "children's parties."

"And how did you like the ball, Maggie?" said Fanny, as she yawned over a new novel the following morning.

"Oh, so very much!" exclaimed Maggie, enthusiastically; "and the music was perfectly delicious; it almost makes me dance now to think of it."

"You queer child," said Sophy, who sat resting her feet on the fender; "I did not think it nice a bit, and the music was simply horrid."

"Oh, but it was my first ball, you know, and it all seemed delightful to me," said Maggie. "I dare say you felt exactly the same at first."

"Oh I don't know," replied Sophy; "it is so long since my first ball that I forget all about it. I've gone to balls regularly these ten years, and really one gets tired of everything in time."

"Ten years!" exclaimed Maggie, in astonishment; "why you must have been quite a child."

"Of course I was," replied Sophy; "twelve or thirteen perhaps, not more. To be sure they were only children's parties, but we used to go on pretty much as we do now, flirting and all, in a small way."

"Oh Sophy, how ridiculous!" exclaimed Maggie.

"Ridiculous!" said Sophy; "not at all. I'm sure I enjoyed myself then much more than I do now. It was so very delightful. But how do you like Frank Wilford, Maggie?"

"Oh pretty well," said Maggie, slowly, for she had not been very favorably impressed with the gentleman in question, who dropped his r's, parted his hair down the middle, and said, "No, thanks;" all of which were capital sins and offences in Maggie's eyes.

"Only 'pretty well,'" repeated Sophy; "why, he's the richest fellow in the place, besides being the best dancer."

"Well, you may think nothing about him, Sophy," said Fanny; "Kitty Ansell will take care of him, you may depend upon it."

"I don't believe a word of it," returned Sophy, pettishly; "but if he prefers her to me, why I hope he'll take her, that's all. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Now that's a very vulgar saying," put in Harriet, who was the fine lady of the family; "and you only use it when you're vexed."

"I vexed, indeed!" said Sophy; "I'm not vexed. But if it comes to that, I think Maggie has almost as good a chance as Kitty Ansell. I'm sure he admired her, and he asked for an introduction; which looks suspicious, to say the least of it."

"Do set your cap at him, Maggie," laughed Fanny; "and cut out these other two girls. What fun it would be!"

Maggie looked from one to the other in silent astonishment during this conversation, for she had never heard young ladies "chaff" before.

"Look at her, how grave she looks!" said Sophy. "Oh, Maggie, what a little rustic you are."

"Well, but seriously, Maggie," said Fanny, "I should advise you to think about it. How nice to be the wife of Frank Wilford, Esq., of Temple Lawn, with carriages, and horses, and servants, and no end of money. Why, you would have a house in town, and an opera box, and go to no ends of balls, and be presented at Court. Only think of it!"

"Besides making all these other girls, who have tried and could not get him, mad with rage and envy," chimed in Sophy. "Kitty Ansell would be ready to bite her fingers' ends off with jealousy. But dear me, how late it is! Do come and dress, girls. I declare I had almost forgotten the chrysanthemum show, and some of them are sure to be there."

Maggie felt half inclined to refuse; but her uncle, who had taken quite a fancy to the quiet little country girl, would not hear of her staying at home; so she put on her "Sunday dress," a pretty gray merino, and went down stairs to wait for the others. As usual she was ready full half an hour before her cousins, who came in radiant with the newest fashions.

"Why, Maggie," exclaimed Sophy, "you are surely not going in that plain French merino and felt hat? Why, you look like an Arcadian shepherdess."

Maggie colored slightly at this rude attack on her dress; but she only said, "Don't you think it will do, cousin? I have only got two light silks besides, and I thought they would be too dressy for morning."

"Too dressy, child! What nonsense!" exclaimed Sophy. "There's nothing too dressy in these days; but you don't understand such things. Never mind; nobody will notice you, I dare say."

But Sophy was mistaken; for somebody did notice her; and, more than that, admired the fair, modest looking flower; and all the more for the contrast she exhibited to the gorgeous blossoms beside her.

"Who is that young girl with the Harrisons?" asked young Hamilton, the most impassive and fastidious of all the Winterbury set.

"Haven't the faintest idea," answered his friend. "Wilford, do you know?"

"Yes, she's a sort of cousin, or something," he replied. "I danced with her at the ball the other night. She's a nice little thing enough, and rather refreshing after the usual run of girls; a sort of daisy, you know, amongst a clover of exotics;" and evidently thinking he had said something witty, Mr. Frank Wilford pulled up his shirt collar and deliberately lounged away.

In a few minutes the Harrisons, whose acquaintance had previously been of the slightest, had the supreme delight of receiving a very cordial greeting from Mr. Claude Hamilton, who by a dexterous movement contrived to place himself next to Maggie, and gradually drew her into the conversation. She had too much good sense to be bashful, but spoke with a quiet modesty, which contrasted very favorably with the sparkling chatter of her fashionable cousins; so that when Mr. Hamilton lifted his hat and said "good morning," it was with a determination to make a further acquaintance with the Harrisons' country cousin.

"Mamma," said Sophy the next morning, "do let us give a party. We must have one before Maggie leaves; and we had much better have it early, so that she may come in on return invitations."

"I don't think Maggie cares for parties," observed Mr. Harrison, looking kindly at her over his newspaper; "besides, it is full early yet for quadrille parties."

"Oh, but if we have it at once it will be done with," said Sophy; "and as for Maggie's not caring for parties, you are quite mistaken, for she is as fond of dancing as any of us."

"Yes, dancing, perhaps. Well, as you like," said Mr. Harrison. "But what does mamma say?"

"Oh, I've no objection in the world," replied Mrs. Harrison, who was as fond of gaiety as her daughters; "so get your desk, Sophy, and make out a list of names."

Sophy was soon hard at work, while Mr. Harrison, to escape the discussion as to who should and who should not be invited, took up his hat and walked off to his counting house.

"Mamma," said Sophy, as she reached the end of a tolerably long list, "let us invite young Hamilton; I thought he seemed particularly anxious to improve our acquaintance yesterday."

"So I thought, Sophy," answered Mrs. Harrison, sagely nodding her head; "if we can only manage it; but your papa has such odd notions. However, we must see what can be done."

But there was no need for Mrs. Harrison's diplomacy, as Mr. Hamilton found an excuse for calling the next day, and made himself so agreeable to the master of the house that he readily acquiesced in the proposed invitation.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the time that intervened before the ball little else was talked about, and Maggie grew thoroughly tired of the subject; but she had yet to learn how much there is of practical discomfort in a large party at the house of pretentious people. The preceding day was a scene of the wildest confusion. Beds were taken down and carpets taken up, that supper might be laid in one room and quadrilles danced in another. The study was turned into a coffee room, and the dining room into a card-room; so that poor Mr. Harrison fairly took flight; and was seen no more till evening, while the boys revelled in the commotion, and took their meals how and when they could, securing divers forbidden dainties in the scuffle. Maggie sought refuge in her own chamber, but she soon found that that was required for a cloak-room; so she put on her hat, and went for a long country walk, in which she contrived to lose herself, and only reach home in time for a cold, comfortless, late dinner.

In the morning matters grew worse, and the racket only subsided as the hour approached for the arrival of the visitors. By nine o'clock the rooms were full,—that is about fifty people were crammed into a space scarcely large enough for half the number, so that flirting was carried on upon the stairs, and love speeches whispered on the landing. However, the evening passed off well, and was, what Harriett called, "a decided success." But the aspect of the house the next morning was utterly forlorn and desolate, such a chaos of rout seats and drooping garlands, such a litter of torn finery and champagne corks, such a medley of chicken-bones and dirty platters, that Mr. Harrison, who was a sworn friend to order and regularity, might well be excused for hoping it might be a long time before he gave a party again; and even Mrs. Harrison was heard to exclaim that she was glad it was over.

"And you really like all this gaiety and dissipation, Miss Cameron?" said Claude Hamilton one evening.

"I liked it very much indeed at first," replied Maggie; "but I am beginning to get rather tired of it now, I must confess, and we live so very quietly at home."

"And pray how do you employ your time at home, Miss Cameron, if I may be allowed to ask the question?"

"Oh, I am never at a loss," she replied. "Mamma likes me to keep up my accomplishments; so I practice every day, and draw a good deal; then we have always plenty of books, and generally we play at chess in the winter evenings; so, that, with plain sewing and fancy work, the days often pass too quickly."

"In my day," said Mr. Harrison, "girls learnt housekeeping; and I have heard my mother say that she could make a pudding and knit a stocking before she was sixteen."

"And I can make a pudding, too, uncle," laughed Maggie, "and do so very often, when Martha's busy."

"What's that about puddings?" inquired Sophy, sailing into the room in full evening costume. "Oh, Mr. Hamilton, I did not know you were here. Are you going to the Stephens's to night?"

"No, I really could not manage it," he replied. "Three invitations for one evening fairly scared me, so I declined them all, and just called in here on my way home."

It was astonishing how often Mr. Hamilton had latterly called in on his way home.

"Oh, how very shabby of you!" exclaimed Sophy, with her sweetest smile. "I shall tell Mrs. Stephens how very badly you behave."

But the young lady's raillery only elicited an exaggerated expression of despair at his inability to join her party, and an offer to escort her to the cab, in which the others were already seated.

"Mamma," exclaimed Sophy, as the cab drove off, "did you know that Mr. Hamilton was in the drawing room?"

"I did," said Fanny; "but as I knew he did not come to see me, I forgot all about it."

"It was very provoking, I must say, and you might have told me, Fanny," said Sophy, very much put out.

"I did not know he was there," said Mrs. Hamilton; "but, after all, it does not matter. Maggie is only a child, and you need

not fear her, Sophy dear. But Sophy was not so easily consoled, and a cloud obscured her fair brow, which was only removed after the waltzes and a galloparde, aided by the fervent devotion of a gallant captain of Dragoons.

"And you really can make a pudding?" said Mr. Hamilton, as he drew his chair rather unnecessarily near the little table where Maggie was at work.

"I really can," answered Maggie. "But what is there so very surprising in that?"

"Nay, I think it is very surprising," he said; "and I question very much if you could find a dozen young ladies of a certain class in all this great town of Winterbury who could say as much. And there's another mystery to be solved. How is it you did not go to the Stephens' this evening?"

"Because she volunteered to stay at home and amuse her old uncle," said Mr. Harrison, laying his hand, caressingly, on her glossy hair.

"But it was no sacrifice, uncle," said Maggie, "for I did not want to go. I began quite to long for a quiet evening at home You play chess, Mr. Hamilton? Ah, then you and uncle can have a grand battle, and I will sit by and watch the game." But Mr. Harrison declared that he had not finished his paper, and told the young people to try their skill till he was ready.

The game, however, progressed but slowly, and the supper tray came in before it was half over; and after that there was another hour of pleasant animated chat; so that when Mr. Hamilton at last took his leave, he felt quite convinced he had passed a far pleasanter evening than if he had gone to a dozen balls.

"And what sort of evening did you have?" asked Maggie, as the girls dawdled over a late breakfast next morning

"Oh pretty well," said Sophy, languidly; "but I think I ought rather to ask you that. Pray, how long did he stay?"—the "he," of course, referring to Mr. Hamilton

"Oh, he stayed supper, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when he left," replied Maggie.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Sophy, pettishly; "and what in the world could you find to talk about?"

"Oh, plenty of things," replied Maggie. "I think he was rather curious to know how sober damsels like me pass their time in the country: so I gave him a slight sketch of my occupations,—very much to his amusement, no doubt."

"And did you tell him you made the beds and hemmed the table cloths?" inquired Harriet, spitefully.

"No, though I might have done so," said Maggie, quietly; "for I do both sometimes. But as it was, I only owned to being vulgar enough to know how to make a pudding."

"Really, Maggie," retorted Fanny, "I began to suspect you are a very deep little girl."

"A very silly one," interrupted Sophy, hastily. "What would he take you for? I consider pudding making about on a par with dish-washing, and certainly no lady would wish to do either."

"Then I suppose I am no lady," said Maggie, "for I must say I see no reason why a lady should not not do both, if necessity required it; and I know dear mamma thinks no girl's education complete unless she understands housekeeping: and I am sure work is no disgrace to any one. But I beg your pardon Sophy for speaking so warmly."

"Oh, there is no need," said Sophy, rather coldly; "it is not of the slightest consequence."

While this little domestic scene was going on at the Harrisons', one somewhat similar took place between Mrs. Hamilton and her son. They had breakfasted early, as usual, and were seated on either side of a noble fire, burning in a grate of polished steel. She was a lady who might be cetween fifty and sixty, though her eyes were still bright, her cheeks still smooth, and her figure queenly in its proportions and bearing.

"And who are these Harrisons?" she inquired, when her son had told her where he had spent the previous evening.

"He belongs to the firm of Greatwich, Harrison, & Pardoe" he replied,—"a respectable, well to-do concern, and old Greatwich is as rich as a Jew; so is Pardoe; but they are bachelors, and the Harrisons are a large family."

"Grown up?" inquired Mrs. Hamilton.

"Grown up," was the reply "At least, the girls are: the boys are younger, mere schoolboys, in fact"

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Hamilton gazed thoughtfully into the fire. At last her son broke the silence; rather hesitatingly it seemed.

"There is a young girl, a cousin, I believe staying with them at present."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Hamilton, inquiringly, as her son made another step

"She only came for the Winter," continued Claude, in his turn gazing into the glowing embers; "and she will leave early in the Spring, unless—unless I can persuade her to stay."

"Claude!" exclaimed his mother. It was only one word, but there was a world of significance in the tone, and he drew himself up rather proudly, and met her steady look with unflinching eyes.

"My dear mother," he exclaimed, "why do you look at me like that? Have you not, for the last three or four years at least, been telling me that I ought to marry, and now that I am really beginning to think about it you look as if I had broached some outrageous and unheard of idea."

"Because you have taken me so completely by surprise," said his mother. "I have never seen—never heard of this young lady before; but if she is one really calculated to make you happy, depend upon it you shall meet with no obstacles from me."

"There's my own dear mother," exclaimed Claude, affectionately kissing her delicate hand; "and do not fear that I shall do anything rashly. I have not yet said a word either to Miss Cameron or her uncle. At present, all I want is that you should know her."

"I see but little chance of that, Claude," said his mother, gravely, "going out so little as I do; and it would not do for you to bring her here"

"No, I see that," said Claude; "and yet it must be managed. There is only one way—suppose you give a party."

"A party!"

"Yes, and invite the Harrisons," he replied. "Don't you think it would do? They would only be too happy to come; and it would seem quite natural, as I have been there so often."

And so it was settled, and the Harrisons were in a high state of excitement and delight and drove their dressmaker to the verge of desperation in their anxiety to have what Sophy called "killing costumes;" for Claude was an only son, and being distantly related to a viscount, and on visiting terms with more than one of the "upper ten thousand," was considered by all the Winterbury girls as the grandest match in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER III.

AN evening party at Deanley Manor was a very different affair to a ball in St John's Street, Winterbury. Here there was no crowding, no display, no striving after effect, but a certain quiet tone of refinement pervaded the whole establishment, and seemed to blend together every trifling detail into one harmonious whole. There was no regular ball, but the young people adjourned to the breakfast room and got up a carpet dance, taking it by turns to play. Mrs. Hamilton was not so much engaged with her company that she could not find time to observe Maggie, and the result of her observations was so favorable that she determined to see more of her.

"My son tells me that you are leaving Winterbury in a short time, Miss Cameron," said Mrs. Hamilton, when she had by a few adroit questions obtained a considerable insight into Maggie's thoughts and fancies. "If it were not asking too much, I would invite you to spend a week with me before you leave; for I am so fond of the society of young people, but we should be so very quiet."

"Oh, I do not mind that in the least," said Maggie, with a childish eagerness. "I am so fond of the country, and if my aunt has no objections——"

"I will ask her myself," said Mrs. Hamilton, "and the carriage shall come for you on Monday morning."

A very few words sufficed to obtain Mrs. Harrison's consent; and Maggie, who was becoming very weary of morning promenades and evening parties, looked forward with delight to the idea of a short sojourn in the country, although Mrs. Hamilton laid great stress on the fact that she should be "quite alone," having made a special proviso that her son should go on a visit to some friends at a distance, and not return until she recalled him. The Harrison girls were quite taken "aback," as Fanny elegantly expressed it, by Maggie's unexpected good fortune.

"Though after all," said Sophy, "it will be nothing so very delightful if you are to be shut up with an old woman all day long, and her son away, too. Oh Maggie, she took care of that, depend upon it; and she only wants you to stop a gap; so it is not so very flattering."

"No, indeed," said Harriet, contemptuously; "but I hear that she is a regular old fashioned goody, who approves of young ladies making themselves scullions and kitchen maids; so I dare say you will get on very well together."

"Well at any rate you need be under no trouble about dress," put in Fanny; "you can go as shabby as you please, now the young laird's away; though to be sure there may be a few callers after the party. However, I prophesy you will be glad enough to come back into the world again."

Maggie wisely held her peace, and gradually the scoffs and jeers died away, yet it was with very unmixed feelings of pleasure that she saw the carriage drive up that was to convey her to Deanley. She found her hostess waiting to receive her with a truly warm and cordial greeting. Mrs. Hamilton was one of those rare beings who improve upon acquaintance. The slight reserve that characterized her manner with strangers wore off as she was better known, and she became warm, and even affectionate, in her bearing towards those to whom she took a liking, as she soon did to her young visitor.

"Do you know," she said, one evening, as they sat by the library fire. "I think I took a sort of fancy to you because your name is Margaret."

"How did you know it was?" asked Maggie. "Oh, I suppose you heard my aunt call me so?"

"No, it was before then—it was before I had even seen you," replied Mrs. Hamilton. "Claude told me"

Mrs Hamilton glanced at Maggie as she said this, but the quiet face was perfectly calm and unmoved. She had evidently never thought of Claude as a lover.

"Did he? I wonder he should think of it," said Maggie. "Then you like the name of Margaret?"

"I love it as I love no other," replied Mrs. Hamilton; "it was the name of my dear sister."

"Then do call me so," said Maggie, eagerly. "It seems so formal to be called Miss Cameron."

"Perhaps I may, some day," said Mrs. Hamilton, with a smile

That night a rather long letter was dispatched to Claude, and it contained these words: "I am not disappointed in her; and that, you know, is much for me to say on so short an acquaintance Give me a little more time, and I shall be able to speak a little more decisively"

The week for which Maggie had been invited passed away far too quickly, for the pleasant morning rambles when the weather permitted, and afternoon drives with the cosy fireside evenings were inexpressibly charming to a girl of Maggie's stamp. There was always some new book to discuss, or some village news to talk over, and occasionally more serious subjects would arise; and all tended to convince Mrs. Hamilton that Maggie was a girl of no common mind.

One afternoon, when the weather had changed and the thickly falling snow made their usual drive impossible, Mrs. Hamilton had been showing Maggie some of the art treasures, of which she had a large collection.

"How nice it must be to be rich!" exclaimed Maggie, as the last antique gem was replaced in its richly carved Indian cabinet.

"Never covet riches," said Mrs Hamilton, gravely; "my happiest days were spent in comparative poverty." Then after a pause she asked, "Would you like me to tell you something of my past life? It is just the evening for a story."

Maggie assented with delight, and seating herself on a low ottoman, drew a little nearer to her friend and prepared to listen.

"I will pass over my early days," said Mrs Hamilton, "for there was nothing remarkable in my education, position, or prospects. My father was the youngest son of a noble house it is true, but not a rich one, and moreover, he had irretrievably offended his friends by marrying a singularly beautiful and amiable girl of gentle descent but small fortune, in preference to one of immense wealth, plain person, and unamiable disposition. However, he never repented his choice. We were a large family, but all died young excepting my dear sister Margaret and myself. In her seventeenth year she too passed away, and I was left alone to comfort my almost inconsolable parents. Two years after her death I became acquainted with my late dear husband, and in another twelve months we were married.

"Now came my time of trial, for which, I am sorry to say, I was but ill prepared My life hitherto had been easy and pleasant, for my parents, though not rich, were comparatively affluent, and I had never known the virtue of self denial. My husband was a barrister, well born and well connected, but of very small independent resources, and briefs did not come in so quickly as we had anticipated. The consequence was that our expenses soon exceeded our means, and my husband told me this one day when I had been proposing to give a dinner-party.

"'My dear Caroline,' said he, 'I am afraid we are not justified in incurring any additional expenses. You know how small my income is, and my professional gains do not keep pace with our requirements. I am very much afraid we shall have to retrench.'

"'Retrench!' I exclaimed, in absolute dismay, for the word seemed significant of nothing short of ruin and disaster.

"'It will be nothing very dreadful, darling,' he said, smiling at my tone of horror. 'I thought perhaps we might keep fewer servants, or, at least, put down the carriage.'"

"'Oh, no, not that!' I exclaimed. 'Surely, Edward, it will not need that? We will give no more dinner parties, and then we need not go to any. The children—for by this time we had three—will be a sufficient excuse for giving up visiting.'"

"'I fear that will make but little difference,' my husband replied; 'however, we can try.'"

"We did try, and the experiment cost us dear, for in the end we were obliged to diminish our establishment far more than my husband had proposed, and in less than another year we were living in a small house with only two female servants and a gardener, who also waited at table.

"I may as well own at once that I had at that time a good deal of false pride, and at first I made myself thoroughly miserable, and when I went out I fancied my fashionable friends looked coldly on me because my dress was less costly, or my bonnet less stylish than usual. Yes, you may well smile, child, and I hope you are untainted by any such absurdities There was another thing, too, that troubled me. My husband liked a good dinner, and I soon found that without some amount of personal superintendence that was absolutely unattainable. I was silly enough to think kitchen matters quite beneath the notice of any lady, and it cost my foolish pride many a bitter pang when I had not only to overlook but even prepare with my own hands the soup or the pudding that I knew my husband particularly fancied. I am glad you can make a pudding, my dear."

Maggie looked up with a blush and a smile, and Mrs Hamilton went on.

"Yet it was very sweet to be thanked and praised for my efforts,—so sweet, that in time I grew more than reconciled to my labor of love; and I learnt to dread more than anything the luxurious self indulgence which leads so many wives in the middle class to pass their days in utter idleness, lounging on a sofa and reading novels, whilst their children are left to menials, and their husbands to the unshared, uncheered monotony of a weary, wearing toil.

"Time passed on, and gradually our affairs improved; so that, as it often the case, when once the turn came our tide of prosperity rose high and rapidly, and in a very few years' time our circumstances justified us in resuming and even exceeding our early style of living. Since then my life has been a prosperous and happy one, shadowed only by the one great sorrow of my life, which left me a widow, and, but for Claude, childless. But of this I cannot bear to speak."

The last sentence Mrs. Hamilton spoke so sadly that Maggie's eyes filled with tears, and for the first time Mrs. Hamilton drew her towards her and pressed a kiss upon her cheek

"And now run away and dress," said Mrs. Hamilton, "for the second bell has rung, and we shall be late."

"I shall not be long," said Maggie; "and thank you, dear Mrs. Hamilton, so very, very much."

The next day was the last of Maggie's week, but, to her great delight, Mrs Hamilton asked her to prolong her stay, saying, "I expect Claude home to morrow."

"Oh do you?" exclaimed Maggie, but with a look and tone almost of disappointment.

"Why, my dear child," said Mrs. Hamilton, laughing, "how grave you look! Most girls would receive the announcement in a very different manner."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," stammed poor Maggie; "I did not mean—that is, I was only thinking that we shall have no more nice quiet evenings."

But Maggie was mistaken, and soon learnt to think the evenings quite as nice, or more so, than they were before Claude came; and her cheeks began to flush, and her heart to beat at the sound of his footsteps. And one day when they returned from a long walk together there was something so new, so happy in her whole look and manner, that Mrs. Hamilton, taking both her hands in hers and looking earnestly in her blushing face, said softly, "I must call you Margaret now, I think."

Maggie's engagement was duly announced to the Harrisons, and received with very mixed feelings. Sophy was inclined to resent it; Harriet professed extreme disgust at what she called "Maggie's dreadful slyness;" and Fanny declared all that vexed her was that she had not entered the list herself. Mrs. Harrison, however, was delighted at the prospect of being so nearly connected with "the Hamiltons of Deanley Manor," and immediately began to plan various schemes of aggrandizement for her own daughters. Eventually, however, Sophy, growing in despair at her faded cheeks and scanty ringlets, which even bloom powder and hair restorers failed to renovate, accepted an ancient lover, who made her an offer under the combined effects of unlimited flattery and an extra glass of brandy and-water. Harriet took advantage of a weak moment to entrap an unsuspecting curate, and Fanny turned devotee, in the forlorn hope of ensnaring a popular preacher. Still, however, as Sophy sometime owns, when in a desponding mood, it is a most aggravating thing to be outdone by a simple Country Cousin.

Moody's most remarkable convert at Baltimore last winter was Professor Reider, a Jewish rabbi, who has now entered the Protestant Methodist ministry.

The twenty five pound salmon caught by the Princess Louise was shipped to Queen Victoria.

AROUND THE OLD HEARTHSTONE.

BY O. H. B.

We gather 'round the old hearth-stone,
Without is heard the north wind's moan,
Within all is delight,
While 'gainst the panes the whispering rain
Speaks of a starless night.

We sing the songs we used to sing,
When youth was ours and pleasure king,
Nor heed the angry storm
For kindly cheer makes bright the sphere
Of home where hearts are warm

Stories are told of that dear time,
When life flowed on like smoothest rhyme
In that far long ago,
When castles rare were built in air,
To melt away like snow.

Grandfather and grandmother tell
Of olden days when love's sweet spell
Their hearts together drew,
When hope was bright with tenderest light
And sorrows were but few.

Good Uncle John just home from sea
Tells of far distant lands, while we
Drink in his honeyed words:
As sweet they are as sweet and fair
As [illegible]

And thus with story, [illegible]
We [illegible]
[illegible] ce from care;—
Thank heaven for this—to night there is
At home no vacant chair

Marriage vs. Celibacy.

BY E. M.

HERE am I, Frank Temple, bachelor, with an income of one thousand a year Dare I venture to launch my bark on the unknown and often troubled sea of matrimony? "To be or not to be, that is the question" I am sole proprietor of a first floor in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury

My attendant in this "elysium" is a slipshod slatternly maid of all-work. She is also afflicted with a most irritating impediment in her nasal organ. This is her style: "Biss's coblibents, and dijder is ready."

What would I give to have opposite me, at my solitary, comfortless tea table, a trim little fairy, with sunshiny eyes, flitting about with womanly grace, and littering the room with the thousand and one trifles, books, crochet, and other feminine eccentricities! But what can a poor unlucky mortal with a limited income do?

A girl with money! Yes, that might do. I look in the glass, which, barring its little peculiarity, the playful elongation of one's visage, reflects the image of a "douced good looking fellow."

Happy inspiration! I'll take a trip to the sea side. For once I will indulge in a sniff of the sea, even though I look in vain for my ideal inamorata.

At last I am rolling along towards the sea with a blessed sense of relief, a parcel of rather greasy sandwiches in my pocket, and a book in my hand, making all speed for Saltington.

I arrive all right, and stroll out to inhale the brisk sea-breeze, and make acquaintance with the beauties of Saltington I revel in the delicious sense of freedom, but wish I had power to invoke some fair "Naiad" to leave her "coral home" and share my delight.

Sauntering along past a small cosy nook, I come upon the realization of my dreams, sitting composedly on a heap of shingle and seaweed, reading. She seems so absorbed that I can stealthily admire the graceful pose of the slender figure, the long drooping lashes that form a "jetty fringe" to her fair cheek, her small round chin, and tiny ear, like a pink shell, just peeping out from the mass of dark brown hair so simply coiled up under the broad brimmed straw hat.

But, alas! beside her there lounged a tall supercilious looking specimen of the sterner sex, who looked as if he thought it an immense condescension to exist. What would I have given for the privilege he enjoyed of gazing unreproved upon the charming woman beside him! She was no longer in the first dawn of girlhood and must have seen two and twenty summers How I hated that fellow, with his long tawny moustache! I devoutly wished him at the bottom of the sea

Pshaw! I would think no more of this unknown divinity, and was striding hurriedly away, when a half stifled exclamation of pain caused me to turn sharply round; my incognita in ascending the cliff, which was full of jagged points, had slipped, and a sprained ancle was evidently the result. My friend with the moustache looked awfully helpless; so, "nothing venture, nothing win," I advanced and offered my assistance, which was gratefully accepted. My languid rival drawled out, "Doosed bad, my cousin Amy has sprained her foot; will you kindly wait until I procure a cawwiage for her"

So "Amy" was her sweet name! Her cousin returned only too soon. I assisted him in placing his precious charge in the carriage, and (how I blessed him for it!) he handed me his card, and thanking me courteously

As I walked back to the hotel I seemed to tread on air, and that eventful night I went to bed supperless, and dreamed that Amy was sitting beside me in a boat which was gliding over a silvery lake, while, once more I was eagerly drinking in the dulcet accents of her sweet low toned voice.

I awake with a mazy sense of something pleasant, never experienced before. All that morning I dawdled about, and smoked like a furnace, until the regulation hour for visiting should arrive. Fifty times had I looked at my languid rival's card, and read "Captain Gordon." At last the long wished for hour came, and with my heart leaping up into my throat and nearly suffocating me, I knocked at the door of 66 Marine avenue and soon was in Amy's presence. She lay on a couch looking lovelier than ever before, her exquisite profile reminding me of a fine cameo, so excellent was the outline

The other occupant of the room was a lady, long past the bloom of youth, but with the remains of beauty still lingering It needed not Amy's introduction to "mamma" to tell me the relationship between them. She received me with stately courtesy. I was conscious of a feeling of restraint, an indefinable something, and felt relieved when "Captain Gordon" appeared.

I enjoyed the happiness of a few minutes' conversation with Amy, and heard with pleasure that the smart of her foot was trifling, but her mother had insisted upon rest. Her expressive face wore a look of animated interest, and I noted the faintest accession of color on her fair cheek when—as I left the room—her eyes met mine.

The next day I met Captain Gordon; he looked bored, and accosted me with "I say, Temple, what in the name of all the saints shall I do to kill time in this howwid hole?"

I could not help smiling at his woe begone countenance, and suggested a stroll on the sands. He agreed, and on our way he became quite communicative and confidential, loosing much of his listless indifference.

"Paw girl!" said he, speaking of Amy, "it was a 'doosed' shame Lawrence treated her so badly."

I ventured to suggest that I knew nothing about Lawrence.

"Eh!—no, of course not," said he. "How stupid I am! He is her husband; at least I mean he was. It's a mercy for my cousin that a cannon ball ended his career."

I heard no more; the earth seemed slipping from under my feet. That girl's creature a widow! Merciful powers! I don't to this day know how I got back to the hotel.

"There's safety in flight," I muttered, while spitefully pulling away at the strap of [illegible] what I will, that sweet, pure, [illegible] face "shines before me like a star" [illegible] I connect with it aught unwomanly or scheming

Why should I fly her presence? I ask myself. Have I no moral courage? At any rate, in common politeness I must call once more, but not for a few days, and then—— Well, it's no use anticipating evil; and after all, perhaps, Amy never even gives one thought to me.

Early in the evening the waiter announced Captain Gordon

"What the deuce are you moping in doors for, my dear fellow, when all Saltington has turned out this splendid day?" said my visitor. "We are going for a drive to Sandy Reach. Come with us."

I muttered something about dress, but at last yielded, only too willingly, and meekly followed him him down stairs.

Amy—Mrs. Lawrence, I mean—greeted me with a bright smile, her lovely face was framed in an aerial something. I was lost; and in another moment was sitting opposite to her, and whirling along at a rapid pace.

I discovered that the treasures of her mind equalled her graces of person, and felt I could sit there for ever listening to her animated conversation. What a blissful evening! We remained out till that calm hour after sunset, and save the sullen plash of the waves on the shingle, the lowing of cattle in some distant pasture, all was still and peaceful The extreme beauty of the night seemed to influence even Mrs. Wentworth; she was exceedingly gracious, and it occurred to me that all was working to her will. No occasion for me to fly Amy's enchanting presence I should remain and, like the silly moth, hover near the flame that would destroy me.

Mrs. Wentworth invited me to return home with them, and the evening ended with music, my deep toned voice mingling with Amy's pure soprano.

I left, with mingled feelings of joy and sadness, still under the resistless spell of Amy's fascinations. I tossed and tumbled about all night in a frightful manner, rose unrefreshed in the morning, and strolled to the quiet nook where I had first seen her Oh, what delight! She was there, and alone. A bright flush mounted her brow, my face grew uncomfortably hot, and my hand nervously trembled as it met hers.

Our acquaintance made rapid progress that morning, and I left her with a tacit [illegible] Need I say that our meetings in this sequestered spot became [illegible]—for I [illegible] for my peace of mind, for I knew now that my life would be a desert without her

One day I sought the accustomed place earlier than usual, and discovered traces of tears on Amy's face. I learnt from her trembling faltering lips, that my confession came too late; she had only the day before accepted Arthur Gordon.

I know not what arguments, what entreaties I used, but she promised me, should anything occur to change her determination, she would write to me; and I as readily promised that I would fly to her side. One passionate farewell kiss I snatched—unreproved—from the dear face of Arthur Gordon's affianced wife, then with many a fond lingering look I left her, and in a few hours was far away from Saltington.

More detestible than ever after my brief glimpse of Paradise seemed my dreary lodging. And although I did continue to exist, it was a desperate effort: I was determined to be miserable, and succeeded marvelously well. Winter had come, and the more gloomy the weather, the better I liked it as being more in accordance with my wretched state of mind. But one day when I was debating whether I should blow my brains out, or take a dose of prussic acid, there came a tiny note, which contained only these words, 'Come to me, Frank"

Didn't I go! The cabman must have thought me an escaped lunatic, and was no doubt glad when he deposited me safely at my destination. In a minute I was in Amy's presence The agitation of our meeting over, sitting by her side, her hand clasped in mine, I listened to her explanation.

"Frank," she said, faltering, "when we parted I was firm in my determination to keep my promise to Arthur; but I did not then know the shameless and unprincipled manœuvring that had induced him to offer me his hand. My mother and Mrs. Gordon were the only children of Hugh Everington whose favorite was Lilian, Arthur's mother. When dying, he bequeathed nearly all his property to her. Of course my mother was much exasperated; but when my husband died it occurred to her to endeavor to bring about a marriage between Arthur and myself, and by that means keep the money in the family; and to insure the fulfilment of her wishes, she stooped to falsehood, and actually insinuated to Arthur that I loved him! And I never should have known the truth, but for one of those strange chances that sometimes occur.

"Arthur had a curiously inlaid desk in his possession, which I much admired. He gave it to me, and in a secret drawer I found a letter of my mother's, which revealed all. How degraded and humiliated I felt! Of course, my first step was to tell Arthur what I had discovered, and release him from his engagement. I have redeemed my promise to you, Frank; but do not think me unwomanly."

I prevented her uttering another word by a simple process that will never go out of fashion; and before we parted she had promised to be mine

We rent a pretty cottage in one of the suburbs, and though my darling was cradled in luxury, she does not disdain to wear a print dress, and personally superintend the labors of our neat little servant. My Amy is the best of managers, the most thrifty of housekeeper, and has laid by a sum sufficient to take us for a month this summer to Saltington of blessed memory

Arthur Gordon is a frequent guest; many a welcome gift do we owe to his kindness He sometimes laughingly says, 'Frank, old fellow, it was doosed cool of you to steal a march on me. I suppose it would have been the cowwect thing to have called you out; but somehow I liked you from the first; upon my word I did!"

Two young Americans named Clark and Bacon are making a voyage which has [illegible] about it without being at all [illegible] They bought a large sailboat in London last winter crossed in it to Holland, pushed their way up the Rhine to Mayence, and there finding the canal leading to the Danube frozen, put their craft on a railway track and had it carried to Regensburg. In March they resumed their voyage, descending the Danube to the Black Sea and sailing from Varna to Constantinople. Their next course will be to Greece and the Archipelago. These young men will gain in their peculiar way of traveling much knowledge of phases of European life not seen by the ordinary tourist from car windows and hotels where they "spice the English."

In a Berlin police court not long ago a servant girl was accused by her mistress of gross negligence and disobedience in the discharge of her duties. When the Judge [illegible] dressed lady, her name she [illegible] herself up, and replied, "I am by rank a princess of Zanzibar" Her declaration, at first discredited, proved to be perfectly true. She was a niece of the reigning Sultan of Zanzibar, whose displeasure she aroused by a secret alliance with a Mr. Rucle, a native of Hamburg, who had made her acquaintance during his stay on the coast of East Africa. The Princess, who became estranged from her family on account of her marriage with a Christian, followed her husband to Germany

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Rings and wide bracelets of black enamel are worn by ladies to make their hands and arms look fair

PRONUNCIATION IN SINGING

THERE is nothing in which proper pronunciation is so necessary, and there is nothing in which it is so little regarded, as in music—by the majority of singers I mean. For instance, a choir will take up an anthem to prepare for the Sabbath's service, and perhaps spend an hour on it. Then, if you chance to be in the sanctuary early enough Sunday morning to hear the opening, you'll be astonished to hear the soprano shriek out at the top of her voice, Holy spear-rut (spirit), and galloping along in hot haste the tenor echoes spear rut, while the alto and bass, traveling along in regular fugue style, growl out spear rut—each one taking particular care to emphasize the last syllable, although the note it represents is but an eighth, and occupying the least important part of the measure; but you see they are in a "rut," and like the "murder that will out," they are determined to tell it themselves.

I remember entering a magnificent church edifice in one of our eastern cities not long since and as the choir was a quartette choir, and of some reputation, I was quite anxious to hear it. The pipe organ swelled and [illegible] In truth I was beginning to [illegible] myself a mat in Paradise—for nothing can make one so religiously happy as the pipe organ—when the choir rose and the baritone tread forth in a measured movement, "No e—vul shall befall thee;" and as the quartette burst forth in the strain "No e—vul shall befall thee" I could not help thinking it were a pity that something didn't befall them, that they might have an opportunity of learning the one essential requisite to song praises. This might seem an exaggeration, but I tell it as a bona fide fact. These angels were all "an guls," and Heaven itself was only "Hea vun"—a very ordinary place indeed—and yet the congregation listened with all the solemnity and apparent appreciation of a perfectly satisfied assembly. It has always been a mystery to me how an otherwise intelligent audience could receive an aria, ballad, or song with enthusiasm that was filled with such vulgarism.

There is an excuse for the singer whose heart persists in singing, even though his tones be not perfect (for most voices require especial training to produce perfectly pure tones); but I can find no excuse for such pronunciation as the above in this enlightened land, where any child, be he rich or poor, black or white, has but to step off his own door step into the school room to receive its benefits; and with this advanced method of teaching that our present youth are blest with [illegible] pronunciation should be [illegible] every first lesson they receive, and, of course, it rests with the teacher whether the lessons are wisely taught or not So necessary it is they should be, that we take it for granted they are. Hence our supreme disgust at the purest expressions of the soul being given the most unlearned utterance GERALD.

A REMARKABLE BEGGAR.

EVERY day on the Via Toledo writes a correspondent of the London *News* the most and most frequented street in Naples, might have been seen an old woman, bent under the weight of years, clad in wretched mourning, creeping [illegible] the line of shops, like a moving bas-relief, and sometime halting at a corner. She wore a tattered bonnet on her head, a thick black veil over her features, and a pair of ragged gloves on her fingers. She never spoke, she never put out her hand for charity, but took with a kind of growl whatever small coin the passengers might vouchsafe her. That old woman's gains were 20 francs per diem, but who was she? No one could tell, and she never answered questions. She seemed a spectre in the throng of Vanity Fair—an uncomfortable intruder whom the butterflies of fashion were only too glad to pay and get rid of The other day a corps of Municipal Guards laid hands on her, and, bundling her into a cab, took her off to the Mendicant's Home. One of the female attendants stripped her, when suddenly, from the filty, fetid envelope of rags covered, Cinderella like, a lusty young woman, considerably on this side of thirty, fresh colored, fat, and prepossessing Her make up was a marvel of cheat Her curved spine was 'arranged' with a cord which passed around her neck and was fastened at the knee. Her hump was manufactured from a ball of rags; her wrinkled and dirty white face was managed with imitation parchment. On inquiry, it was found that this young woman was of good family, and that the gains she so cleverly earned were brought regularly home to her parents, who kept a house where scenes of revelry were kept up to all hours of the morning.

W Irving Bishop who first gave exhibitions of hypnotism in reproducing the alleged [illegible] of spiritual mediums a couple of years since has been creating quite a furore in England and elsewhere in Europe When last heard from he was in Gibraltar.

Our Young Folks.

SELLING THE COW-BELL.

From the German.

WENDELIN, the son of a German farmer peasant, used to watch his father's cows in the woods and pastures while grazing. Each of the animals was provided with a bell around its neck, and the handsomest usually wore the neatest and sweetest sounding of the lot.

One day a stranger was walking by and stopped to admire the herd.

"That is certainly a pretty bell," he said to Wendelin; "pray how much might it have cost?"

"One thaler, sir," was the reply.

"What, really no more than that!" continued the new comer in affected surprise; "why I'll give you two for it even now."

Wendelin, who like a good many more youths had an idea he knew how to make a bargain, instantly removed the bell and gave it to the man, receiving therefor two new bright thalers, which he put into his pocket with considerable satisfaction.

However as the cow was now without a bell and unlike the others, Wendelin in the course of the day lost sight of her, for they had entered deeply into the wood. Formerly, when one of his charge was thus lost, the tinkling of the bell told of her whereabouts, but now there were no means of thus tracing the truant. And if he had made any great effort to do so it would have been useless, for the stranger had expected this very thing, and concealing himself behind some bushes, had run off with the animal as soon as she was hid from Wendelin's view.

The poor lad, as night drew near, came to the conclusion that he had been deceived by the bell buyer, and sadly turned his steps homewards. Arriving there he told his story. His father, who was a thoughtful, considerate man, did not reprimand or whip him as he expected, but only said:

"As you were duped by that rogue Wendelin so sin deceives us all. In the beginning it seems to bring us gain, but this in the end proves a certain loss. Let it gain upon us ever so little and it will sooner or later take up our whole mind. Hereafter remember the saying:

"Trust not to sin's alluring face,
'Twill rob you soon of every grace."

His mother, who was full of pity for her down hearted mortified boy then remarked:

"Why, Wendelin, my child, how was it that you could have forgotten the reason for bells being put upon our cows?"

"Because, mother," was his answer, "the money blinded me. I thought to myself how easily, through this man's folly, I can make an extra thaler. The bell is only an unnecessary ornament, and the cow will be every way as good without it. Thus thinking, it was not until she was missing that I saw my mistake and remembered what the bell was for."

"Thus it happens every day," continued the mother, "many good habits and precepts are regarded as useless or unnecessary, and are cast aside for something newer. But when the result is harm, their value is seen, and we recollect that, though apparently unimportant, they really are founded on the best of grounds." P. H. D.

THE FAIRY PAINTERS.

BY C. H.

"Adversity
Watch like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

THE Fairy Queen had built herself a palace of gold crystal. The rooms were hung with tapestry of rose leaves, and the floors were carpeted with moss. The ceiling was made of mother of pearl and the walls of ivory, and the lights which hung from the roof sparkled with diamonds. These ivory walls were to be covered with paintings, so the Queen called the fairy artists and bade them all paint a picture for her by a certain day. "He whose picture is best," she said, "shall paint my hall, to his everlasting renown, and I will raise him besides to the highest fairy honors." The youngest of the fairy painters was Tintabel. He could draw a face so exquisite, that it was happiness only to gaze at it, or so said that no one could see it without tears. No fairy longed as he did for the glory and renown of painting the Queen a palace.

He wandered out into the wood to dream his idea into loveliness before he wrought it with his hand. "Never shall be picture like my picture," he said aloud; "I will steal the colors of heaven and trace sprite forms." But Orgolino, that wicked fairy, heard him. Now Orgolino painted very grandly. He could draw wild and strong and terrible beings, which thrilled the gazer with wonder and awe. Of all his rivals he feared Tintabel only. So, when he saw him alone in the wood, he rejoiced wickedly, and said: "Now I will rid myself of a foe," and he flew down upon the poor Tintabel, and, being a more powerful fairy, he caught him and pinned his wings together with magic thorns, and fastened him down with them among the fungus and toadstools of the damp wood. Then he flew away exulting, and painted day and night. It was a magnificent picture, with stately figures, powerful and triumphant, and Orgolino's heart swelled with pride at his work, and he said to himself, "I might have left that poor wretch alone. The weakling could do nothing like this."

Meanwhile Tintabel cried bitterly because his hope was lost, his praise would never be heard among the fairies, and the beauty he had hoped to create he should never see. The elf that lived in the toadstool looked up as the tears fell upon him, and gathered them up from his fungus coat, where they sparkled like dew.

"What sweet water!" he said.

"Alas!" sighed Tintabel, "alas for my vanished hopes! Oh! how lovely should my picture have been and now I am bound down here to uselessness;" and he could not feel the pain of his bruised and bound wings because of the pain at his heart. The elf in the toadstool looked up and said:

"Fairy, paint me a picture, here on the smooth surface of the toadstool, for I have never seen one."

Tintabel stopped his wailing to think how wretched was the elf who had never seen a picture.

"Ah! elf," he said, "I have neither pencil nor colors; how can I paint!"

But the elf pointed to one of the thorns which fastened Tintabel's wings. The end was long so that the fairy could reach it.

"There is a pencil," said the elf; and the artist's longing came upon the fairy, and he seized the thorn. Poor hurt wings! how they quivered and pained as the point of their fastenings pressed hither and thither over the surface of the toadstool, and crushed and dragged and rent them in its course! But the thorn had a magic in it, and Tintabel found it possessed more than fairy power. The sharper his pain, the more perfect the stroke he could make. As the delicate film of the wing was torn, the rainbow tints dropped off, and gave him lovelier colors than the hues of heaven; and the elf held up his tears as water for the painting. He painted his remembrance of fairyland and his weariness of earth.

When the appointed day came, the Fairy Queen called her painters together. The great hall was filled with them, but of all the pictures none was so great as Orgolino's. He had painted "The Triumph of Strength." Then said the Queen, "Where is Tintabel?" and no one knew. "He has not cared to obey your Majesty's command," said Orgolino. But the Queen looked at him steadily and said, "Tintabel must be found." Then all the fairies went in search of him. Soon one returned and said, "Tintabel is bound in the wood among the fungus and toadstools, and before him is a picture more beautiful than any fairy ever saw."

"Come," said the Queen; and her subjects followed her to the wood. There, on the white toadstool's top, was a tiny picture, lovelier and grander at once than any fancy could dream, and it showed "The Triumph of Pain."

Then Orgolino was turned out into the wood among the cold and creeping things, and Tintabel was taken to great honor.

San Francisco is largely supplied with water by artesian wells, of which it is said there are not less than 200 in the city. While in London and elsewhere it has been observed that the supply of each well increased in proportion to the increase in the number of wells; such an effect has not been observed in San Francisco. In some of them the water is reached at a very small depth. One of the hotels is supplied by a well thirty eight feet deep. Another has a well sixty feet deep, furnishing 6 000 gallons of water per day. A candle factory has a well 168 feet deep, which gives a supply of 10 000 gallons per hour. The *Chronicle* has been putting up a building, for which a new well is being bored, which is expected to supply 8 000 gallons per day. One reason for the large number of artesian wells in the city has been the extortionate rates charged for water by the corporation through which the city has received its supply. Like nearly all the corporations of California, these water companies have exhibited an insolent and rapacious disposition.

The Czar has shown his good will towards the Prince of Montenegro by presenting him with two magnificent State carriages, a gift particularly welcome, seeing that there isn't a road or a paved street in the Hospodar's dominions. The Czar's father presented an earlier Hospodar with a printing press and a large font of Slavonic characters. The Hospodar was very thankful for the gift, and straightway melted the type into bullets to be fired at the Turks.

A London correspondent says of the recent golden wedding at Berlin, that "Queen Victoria had arranged twelve months ago to be present on the occasion, but in consequence of the extraordinary inhospitality with which the Empress Augusta was treated during her recent visit to Windsor, it was plainly intimated that the visit was not desired by the Kaiser or his family."

Dr. Mary Walker wants to sit on a jury, but the ugly man who is sitting on it won't get up.

Cerebyalisms.

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No. 251. MOORITLING.

No. 252.
C A D
A U O
T O M
E R I
G A N
O B I
R I C
I L L
C I D
A T E
L Y S

No. 253. CATLING.

No. 254.
A
E L M
E M M E T
A L M A N A C
M E N O W
T A W
C

No. 255. CHICAGO.

No. 256.
C A S A B A
A T A B A L
S A H A R A
A B A N E T
B A R E G E
A L A T E D

No. 257. Deranged, Derange, Danger, Range, Rage, Gear, Ear, Re, E.

No. 258.
O S T R A C E A N S
S Q U A R R O S E
T U I T I O N S
R A T O O N S
A R I O S E
C R O N E
E O N S
A S S
S
S
S

No. 259. HOAX.

No. 260.
P A R A S I T I C A L
A D M I N I C L E
M I S S I N G
P A T T I
H A S
L
A L E
T E M P T
U R C E O L E
R E C O N D I T E
E N T E R T A I N E R

No. 261. 1. EDWIN LANDSEER.
2. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
3. ALFRED TENNYSON.

No. 262.
W
D A L
R O T A S
H A C K N E D
D O C T R I N A L
W A T E R S N A K E S
L A M I N A T E D
S E N A T O R
D A K E R
L E D
S

No. 263. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 17 letters is a great battle.
The 1, 5, 2 is a serpent.
The 3, 6, 7, 9 is a vessel.
The 5, 4, 14, 15 is shown.
The 13, 14 is an animal.
The 12, 11, 17 is a bird of Australia.

Fulton, Ill. TOWNHEAD.

No. 264. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

'Tis easier to plant a brute,
Than every other brute to suit.

The second in its humble sphere,
Is useful to the pioneer.

A third won't circulate in Greece,
Because, forsooth 'tis Portuguese.

The FOURTH in Turkey is in use,
But "hardly ever" in Toulouse.

A small Italian town we need,
It's name is FIFTH. It is, indeed.

"What's Hard Cash?" Barnum answers thus:—
"SIXTH is the rhino serious."

The puzzle men of SEVENTH day,
Hail mostly from A Merry K.

EIGHTH had a grandpa—Jacob, who
Was not a clock man, but a Jew.

Was Dr. Withering renowned
For finding FEMALE on the ground?

He was, a man of deeds was he—
A sort of FINALE, as you see.

Rondout, N. Y. SHERKINS.

No. 265. CHARADE.

The first is a kind of carriage
A Hebrew measure as well,
Your friends all ask if you're SECOND
When the servant answers the bell.

The WHOLE is a little dwelling
That on the lone beach stands;
Where the fisherman's rosy children
Play all day long on the sands.

Philadelphia, Pa. KATE NICKLEBY.

No. 266. SQUARE.

ACROSS.—1. Rights of authority. 2. A fort in Texas. 3. Lend or hired. 4. A tree. 5. A Dutch coin. DOWN. 1. Pertaining to the cheek. 2. In another place. 3. Full in. 4. A male name. 5. A metallic ornament.

Baltimore, Md. RANDOLPH.

No. 267. CROSSWORD.

In mount but not in pad,
In pad but not in mount,
In count but not in add,
In add but not in count,
In vaunt but not in wield,
In wield but not in vaunt,
In daunt but not in yield,
In yield but not in daunt,
Essayist, orator and poet
Also an author; did you know it?

San Francisco, Cal. ENG. E.

No. 268. SQUARE REMAINDERS.

Behead and curtail words having the following significations and leave a per cet square.

1. To frighten. 2. Projecting points. 3. Pawned.

(A year's subscription to Nutcracker's Monthly for first solution.)

Newark, N. J. X. L. C. E.

No. 269. TRANSPOSITION.

This morning when
Adown the glen,
A friend and I were walking
From a small bird
A POINT we heard,
It was appalling, shocking.

We turned our eyes
In great surprise,
There, bloody torn and mangled,
Upon a tree
In agony,
Its quivering body dangled.

For you must know,
Its feathered foe,
The SECOND, plumaged sinner,
Had made a dash,
And like a flash,
Had captured it for dinner.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 270. SQUARE.

1. A city in Venezuela. 2. Damage done by sea perils. 3. Insigns of royalty. 4. An Arabic idiom. 5. A character in "Fair Penitent." 6. An officer of the King's forest. 7. A beacon.

Sedalia, Mo. EX FEM.

No. 271. ANAGRAM.

This graceful poem your time beguiles
PITH OF THIS, HE COURTS AND SMILES.

Philadelphia, Pa. PEGOOTY.

No. 272. PYRAMID.

My FIRST is a letter, you'll find it in Schreight,
A nine-letter syllable, spell it aright.
My SECOND, an animal, minus a tail,
He looks very queer when he sits on a rail,
My THIRD is an animal almost the same,
Though smaller in size, it is t'rger in name.
My FOURTH is an animal, lanky and long,
A species of civet, with odor quite strong,
My FIFTH is to purchase much more than you need,
Oh this oh! ye merchants, pray ponder and heed,
My LAST as the base of this Pyramid rude,
Is nutriment, sustenance, yes, it is food.

My PRIMALS a fish, and my CENTRALS are spare,
My FINALS—well, music arranged for six stars.

San Francisco, Cal. J. C. M.

No. 273. CHARADE.

There was a wicked FIRST,
Who was very full of SECOND,
He met a proud man one day,
And straightway to him beckoned.
"Come hither, little man," quoth he,
"Come list me one minute,
I'll WHOLE to you a secret,
And not every one is in it;
'Tis," and then he whispered in his ear,
The answer to this puzzle here.

Philadelphia, Pa. JONATHAN

No. 274. DIAMOND.

1. The seventh degree on the diatonic scale.
2. He stones cats and books" jam.
3. SECOND is a SON TO HAD.
4. Sometimes HE is fourth.
5. This personage is to him, but to wood.
6. He is quiet mean with
7. And is often SEVENTH to the schoolmaster.
8. His GUITE would fill a boat.
9. His NINTH his schoolmates to fight.
10. He is sometimes TENTH by the ear.
11. His possesses this.

Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

3. The NUTCRACKERS' MONTHLY for first solution to No. 168.

SOLVERS.

Correct solutions of June 14th were solved by Waverly, O. W. L., Jarep, Sic O'Domus, A. Solver, Comet, Peggotty, Asian, Capt. Cuttle, Hal Hazard, Gil Blas, Percy Vere, Independent, Star Dash, Egma, Theron O., C. O. D., Balfour, Joe Mullins.

COMPLETE LIST—Waverly.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Waverly, - - - New York City.
2. O. W. L., - - Rondout, N. Y.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Jarep—Reversed Rhomboid, Half Square and two Squares. Jim Nasbie—Rhomboid and Charade. Kindred—Numerical Apollo Sphinx Cross. Drab Poquier—Square and Octagon. El Fen—Square. Maud Lynn—Two Charades.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ASIAN—"Gil Blas" solveth as follows:

When Paddy came over from "sharling auld Cork,"
His fortune to make in the "town" of New York,
A storm broke out on the ship in mid-ocean,
Which drew from our passenger joyful emotion,
He brandished his black-thorn, the stick he so cherished
And joined in the row, while the ensemble he flourished.
He manfully struck with his sturdy right arm,
And crashed among them no little alarm.
"Look out ye old spalpeen," loud yelled he at length,
As he crushed in a head with his wonderful strength.
"Andy O, you d—n sucker," he next bellowed out,
As singling another head turned he about,
But just as the weapon was half-way descended,
The victim instantly saw he was defended
A strapping young fellow, a tall Scottish laddie,
Came quickly up to the rear of brave Paddy,
And dexterously threw on the head with a bandy,
That prone on the floor laid the gallant young dandy.
The PAT was a battle-one shortly his breath
Gave way to the presence of grizzly old Death,
And it as did Old Erin a PATRIOT lose
Because to take part in a shindy he chose.

THE WIFE.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

It does not seem so easy, half,
To do as 'twas to say,
I did not think it anything
To promise to obey;
And then he always spoke so kind,
And smiled so sweetly too,
I said I'd do a thousand things
I never meant to do.

Besides, I knew 'twas quite too quick
To let him find me out,—
He'd never had me in the world
If he had seen me pout.
And now, I'm sure it's not soon,
I've been his wife a week!
And just because I said, "I wont,"
He doesn't hardly speak!

How could he go and leave me here
To mope in loneliness;
I wanted to go out so bad,
And wear my lovely dress.
I know, he says, that "business"
All his time, to-night, requires;
I'd like to know what "business" is,
Compared with my desires!

But I'll not cry, and spoil my eyes;
'Twill do no good, and then,
Nobody'd ever praise my looks,
Unless 'twas him, again.
I never meant to shed a tear,
Except when he is in;
So when I hear him ring the bell
To night, I'll just begin!

WISHING CUSTOMS.

In whatever grade of society or position of prosperity we are placed, we still hope for something better, and as mankind is never in this world perfectly happy, we find ourselves constantly wishing for some future blessedness superlative to that we at present enjoy. Consequently, a host of futile customs to meet this want are practised among those who believe in their efficacy, and many of them are even patronised by the educated. In the west of England, "Wishing Wells" are very plentiful, and young damsels longing for married felicity offer up the following petition:

A husband, St. Catherine,
A handsome one, St. Catherine,
A rich one, St. Catherine,
A nice one, St. Catherine,
And soon, St. Catherine.

At Abbotsbury they used to go on a certain day in the year to the Norman chapel of St. Catherine, and make the same prayer. It is somewhat singular that on the Continent this saint should be considered the special patroness of spinsters. At St. Winifred's Well, in North Wales, those who are not satisfied with their circumstances in life, must find the "wishing stone," which is two feet below the water, and while kissing it make the necessary wish. The Walsingham Wells were formerly used to cure ailments of the head and stomach, but as this idea is now exploded, the superstitious still believe them to be able to accomplish human desires. There is a stone between the two wells, upon which the supplicant must kneel with his bare right knee; he can then reach both wells, which he is required to do with his hands, and to take as much water as they will hold, and drink it. The wish formed during this operation will be gratified in the ensuing twelve months; and if this fail, it is put down to incredulity.

A peculiar method of divination is practised in Scotland, at the fountain of St. Michael. There wives go to know if their husbands will get well, and girls for their sweethearts. The sacred guardian is personated by a fly, which skims over the surface of the water, and is supposed to be immortal; the issue of their wish is foretold by its dejected or animated appearance. An old man used to clear the well, which was otherwise neglected, and plant fragrant flowers round it, lamenting the degeneracy and unbelief of these modern times.

According to one authority, to see a future spouse in a dream, "the parties enquiring must be in a different county from that in which they commonly reside; and on going to bed must knit the left garter about the right legged stocking, letting the other garter and stocking alone; and as they rehearse the following verses, at every comma knit a knot:

This knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet;
That I may see
The man (or woman) that shall my husband (or wife) be;
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does all days and years.

During the season when the cuckoo's note is heard, many curious customs are observed; thus, in Germany, it is believed by the peasantry that if asked, it will tell you how many years you have to live, by the repetition of its cry; so they say:

Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
Good bird, tell me,
How many years have I to live.

As soon as the Danish and Swedish village girls hear this bird, they kiss their hand, and ask, "Cuckoo, cuckoo! when shall I be married?"

Superstitions in connection with the appearance of the moon are very numerous; it generally presides over lovers' wishes. In Devonshire the young people, as soon as they see the first new moon after midsummer, go to a stile, turn their backs to it, and say:

All hail, new moon, all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me
This night who shall my true love be;
Who is he, and what he wears,
And what he does all months and years.

In Ireland they sometimes show the new moon a knife, and invoking the Holy Trinity, say:

New moon, true morrow, be true now to me,
That I ere the morrow my true love may see;

afterwards placing the knife under the pillow, and keeping strict silence lest the charm should be broken. In Berkshire, at the new moon, the maidens go into the fields, and looking at it, say:

New moon, new moon, I hail thee
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see,
He who my true love is to be.

A curious custom exists in Cornwall, of gathering the club-moss, which is considered good for all diseases of the eyes. The gathering is regarded as a mystery, and if any ventures to write the secret, the virtue of the moss will be of no more use to him. The third day of the moon, when it is seen for the first time, they show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and repeat:

As Christ healed the issue of blood,
Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good.

At sunset, having carefully washed the hands, it is to be cut kneeling, wrapped in a cloth, and boiled in water from the nearest spring; this may be used as a fomentation, or the moss made into an ointment with butter made from a new cow's milk. In places, the Irish, on seeing the new moon, kneel down, repeat the Lord's prayer, and then say: "May thou leave us as safe as thou hast found us." Aubrey says, speaking of old English manners, that the women sit astride a gate or stile the first night of the new moon, saying: "A fine moon, God bless her!" Halliwell speaks of a peculiar divination practised during the harvest moon. When going to bed, put under your pillow a prayer book open at the words, in the matrimonial service, "with" this ring I thee wed;" place on it a key, a ring, a flower, a sprig of willow, a small heart cake, a crust of bread, and these cards: A ten of clubs, nine of hearts, and the aces of spades and diamonds. Wrap these in a muslin or gauze handkerchief, and on getting into bed cross your hands and say:

Luna, every woman's friend,
To me thy goodness condescend,
Let me this night in vision see,
Emblems of my destiny.

If you dream of storms, it portends trouble; a calm after it, so your fate will be; the ring or ace of diamonds, marriage; bread, industry; cake, prosperity; flowers, joy; willow, treachery in love; spades, death; diamonds, riches; clubs, a foreign land; keys, confidence, power, and plenty; birds, many children; and geese, you will marry more than one. In Cornwall they make use of the following charm for invoking good luck:

Even ash, I do thee pluck,
Hoping thus to meet good luck.
If no luck I get from thee,
I shall wish thee on the tree.

In Shropshire, to find one's future partner, the blade-bone of a lamb must be procured, which is to be pricked at midnight with a penknife, and these words repeated:

'Tis not this bone I mean to pick,
But my love's heart I wish to prick;
If he comes not and speaks to-night
I'll prick and prick till it be light.

Grains of Gold.

Other men's pains are easily borne.

We disjoint the mind like the body.

Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly.

He who wants little has always enough.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

If a dunce is short of some faults, he only did not know how to acquire them.

Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal tree perfumes the axe that strikes it.

Surely half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.

Heaven's gates are wide enough to admit every sinner in the universe who is penitent.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

One life; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance for us forevermore.

Calumny and detraction are but sparks which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

The wealthy miser lives as a poor man here, but he must give account as a rich man on the day of judgment.

Never tell a man that he is a fool; in the first place he will not believe you, and in the second place you make him your enemy.

To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is best of all.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

You meet in the world with false mirth as often as false gravity; the grinning hypocrite is not a more uncommon character than the groaning one.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object around them, and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

Only they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

It is much easier to meet with error than to find truth. Error is on the surface; truth is hidden in great depths, and the way to seek it does not appear to all the world.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances, and towards all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything for themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

The mind is nourished at a cheap rate. Neither cold, heat nor age itself can interrupt this exercise. Give, then, all you can to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age.

Each time thou wishest to decide upon performing some enterprise, raise the eyes to heaven, pray to God to bless thy project; if thou canst make that prayer, accomplish thy work.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone it is not well to throw aside the restraints and observances of social usage.

Politeness costs nothing; it is a very agreeable to other people at all times; and, more than this, it pays. Wherever any one goes, he should make his best bow, look as well as he can, and be as attentive to others as is consistent with modesty and dignity; and, by so doing, he will gain friends. Give a man friends enough, and one may venture to say that his fortune is made.

Feminilities.

One girl at the gate is worth a dozen girls in an ice cream saloon.

The young lady who married her father's coachman, says she was driven to it.

The ladies in their shade hats are among those that go down to the beach in chips.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

The most popular man with the ladies is the man who never met with a homely woman.

A woman beats a man in economizing household expenses, but he beats her economizing on cigars.

Caristilla Luella, and Minnie Maria are among the lovely names borne by girl graduates in other cities.

A corset played by a twelve year old girl is a feature of a Pittsfield, Mass., Congregational Church Service.

"Charing done by Miss Delaney" is the inscription on a card which an English scrubbing woman sends out to her employers.

The wife of a Cincinnati dentist assists her husband in filling teeth. He inserts the gold leaf, and she hammers it in with a mallet.

Plain girls, as a rule, find husbands quicker than handsome ones—perhaps because they flatter the men, while the others expect flattery.

Bracelets with lead pencils attached are among the latest fancies. These pencils are run through a ring attached to the bracelet when not in use.

The widow of an 1812 veteran, living in Kentucky, was thirty-eight years expecting a pension. It finally came the other day, and what did she do but die of joy!

Some of the new breakfast caps have long lace ends, which are brought together in front after crossing in the back. Others are shaped precisely like a baby's bonnet, with a little cape.

The *Modern Argo* says that fashionable hats are made rights and lefts, but that ladies always buy the rights, and that when the wearer faces the east the shade is always on the wrong side of her head.

Nancy Wapecoota, the Miama Indian maiden at Wabash, who gave notice that she would settle a farm of 100 acres upon any respectable white man who would marry her, has received an application from a German count.

A Michigan lady writes: "Now that the columns of the press are open to woman, and the advancement of her interests, let the readers see that there is something else in the female brain besides jelly cake and fancy work."

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, who was a clergyman, that he always refused a marriage fee, saying in a tone of pleasantry, "Go your way, poor children, I have done you mischief enough already without taking your money."

"Well, my dear, are you coming on nicely with your music?" "Oh, yes, mamma; last month when I played four-hand pieces with my music teacher, I was always a couple of bars behind. Now I am always at least three ahead."

A Washington correspondent who knows not fear, says that the ladies belonging to the riding clubs of the capital know how to dress better than to ride, and that the general effect which they give when in the saddle is that of intense holding on.

A San Francisco woman recently appeared at the Queen's drawing room with a train four yards and a third long, or a yard longer than those generally worn, and was presumably happy during the brief minute that it was spread out behind her.

The London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, which was opened in October, 1878, will be closed soon unless it receives some assistance from its friends. It was opened as an experiment, and the person who has maintained it thus far cannot continue to do so any longer.

Spanish women go to the bull ring as fast English girls smoke cigarettes—in sheer bravado. Nowhere does the female or Spanish Andalusian costume look so gay or gorgeous as on these occasions, nowhere are more glaring colors, more fantastic head dresses, so great a proportion of gold ornaments produced as there.

Miss Lina Berger is a young German lady who has received the title of "Doctor" from the Philosophical Society of the University of Berne, in Switzerland, for an excellent dissertation on "Thomas Morus and Plato." The dissertation has been published in the Tubingen Review for Social and Political Science, a well known periodical of high standing.

Miss Lizzie Fry of Ottawa, Ill., twenty seven years old, has sued John T. Porter for $10 000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. One incident of the trial was the appearance of the plaintiff's mother, who described the endearments she witnessed by means of an adroitly-placed mirror in her bedroom while the plaintiff and defendant were seated in an adjoining parlor.

Said Dr. Cuyler, recently: "Let woman do whatever she can well. Let her follow every path of usefulness wherein she can walk gracefully and without stumbling. Can she set type or make a telegraph instrument talk in electric speech? Then let her do that with a happy heart and to the music of a merry voice." Yes, and be amiably requested by the foreman or manager to make less noise.

The widow Ashlock, aged forty-eight, lived on her own extensive farm in Elizabethtown, Ky., and one of her employes was William Lewis, aged eighteen. She fell in love with him, and he doubtless fell in love with her money. The relatives opposed the marriage, and drove William away from the place with a gun; but the determined widow joined him in Indianapolis, bought him a new suit of clothes, married him, and took him home.

A young lady in this city was invited to dine with a neighbor a few days since, and in eating a biscuit bit on a hard substance, which she supposed to be a nail, so often found in flour, but on examination it proved to be a gold ring. The bread was a portion of some which she had sent to her neighbor the day before to try the quality of the flour, and the ring was one she lost from her finger while mixing the dough, and which she had missed that morning, but could not account for its whereabouts.

Laceliæ.

A Cannibal.—A lady advertises in a paper that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea."

A Political Question.—Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion" that is flowing?

"My dear lady, your daughter is lovely," said a flatterer—"a perfect little pearl"—"And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh, you are the mother of pearl."

At a recent dinner of shoemakers, the following toast was given:—"May we have all the women in the country to shoe—and all the men to boot."

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," replied he, "I never knew one complain of being out of health in my life."

The mayor of a certain town put forth an announcement previous to the races: "No gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, except the horses that are to run."

Quilp says, when he sees kisses between women, it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing, that way.

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

The other day at the Court, a prisoner was upon his trial, and at the conclusion of it he was told that the jury had found him guilty. "Exactly," replied the culprit; "that's just my conviction."

A miller, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin astounds us with the assertion, "I was full of rats a fortnight since, and now I don't think I have one."

A lady one day wrote to her absent husband the following letter, which may be quoted as a model in its way:—"I write to you because I have nothing to do; I send because I have nothing to say."

Reconciliation.—A great toper who had drunk nothing stronger than brandy all his life, called for a goblet of water on his death-bed, saying, "When a man is dying, he ought to make it up with his enemies."

"Mother I shouldn't be surprised if Susan gets choked some day." "Why, Charlie?" "Because John Wipsy twisted his arms around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him to let go, he would have strangled her."

"Say, Cæsar Augustus, why am your legs like an organ-grinder?" "Don't know Mr. Sugarloaf—why is they? "Cause they carry a monkey about the streets." A brick grazed the head of Mr Sugarloaf just as his ears disappeared round the corner of a street.

"You need not sit up for me to night," said a wag to his wife, "but can put the street-door key on the first floor window sill." "What do you mean exclaimed the astonished wife. "Why," answered he, "I expect to come home a little elevated, and shall be able to reach it right enough."

A cruel "sell" was perpetrated lately in the West. An advertisement was inserted in the papers that a sheriff's sale of horses and carriages would take place on Monday, when people came from a great distance to attend the sale. While waiting, a cart load of carpenter's wood horses and wheelbarrows were driven up, and the customers saw themselves sold.

"Father, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to day," said a little son of a clergyman. "Why, what do you mean?" "You said, 'One more word and I have done.' Then you went on, and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them. But you did'nt, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

A Boston clergyman meeting one of his congregation who had recently come into possession of a handsome property by the death of his brother, inquired how he was getting along in the settlement of the estate. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time! What with getting out letters of administration, and settling claims, I sometimes almost wish he hadn't died."

A clergyman having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: "An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them and, when a storm arises, they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over." The reverend chaplain is evidently fitted to be chaplain to a regiment of horse marines.

The Ruling Passion.—There is a story of an abbe who had invited a friend to partake of a dish of ortolans. He preferred them done in butter, his friend in oil, and directions had been given. The friend came early, and, while talking, fell down in a fit and shortly died. As not a moment was to be lost, the abbe ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, "Do them all in butter." He then took measures for the proper disposal of his guest.

Louis XIV., who loved a laconic style, met a priest whilst traveling in the country, and ordering him to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you? Where are you going? What do you want?" The priest, who knew perfectly well the king's disposition, instantly replied, "From Bruges—to Paris—a benefice." "You shall have it," replied the king, and in a few days he presented him to a valuable living.

A chimney sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a twopenny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you will have the less to carry." "True replied the lad, and, throwing three half-pence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him, saying that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said young sooty, "you will have the less to count."

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE.—that it may be promptly administered in all sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Colic, or any affection of the bowels, for which Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is an effectual remedy. At this season of the year every family will find it a useful and reliable curative.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FLOWERS

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Seated upon a pansy fair
Beneath the summer sky,
Like gold upon its purple robe,
Rested a butterfly.

The scarlet fuchsia bowed her head;
Her perfume, sweet and rare,
The modest-tinted mignonette
Shed on the soft warm air.

And all the red geraniums flushed,
To view that insect proud;
"As if the flowers were made for him!"
The roses cried aloud.

The sweet carnations thought it shame;
The larkspur, at their side,
Herself plumed on her modesty,
And scoffed at so much pride.

Alas! alas! how is it that
Our faults we ne'er can see?
But others blame, as if alone
We were from such faults free.

The rain came on; each flower bowed
To earth her haughty head;
The storm passed o'er, the flowers drooped,
The butterfly was dead.

FLOWERS AND THEIR GUESTS.

THOSE who are familiar with physiological botany cannot fail to be struck with the abundance of evidence which has been adduced in support of the broad generalisation, that 'Nature abhors perpetual self fertilization.' In the vegetable world observation has been constantly accumulating proof of the necessity of intercrossing with independent sources of life for the preservation and multiplication of species.

Self-fertilization, it may be here mentioned, lies in the production of fruitful germs by a single flower. Cross-fertilisation implies the production of similar germs from different flowers of the same species; and this necessitates the transference of the pollen from the anthers of one flower to the stigma of another The chief agents in this work of cross fertilisation, which is essential to the health and vigor of plants, are insects. Variety of form and brilliancy of color, and richness of odor in flowers are not provided only for the gratification of man. They have higher ends to serve in the economy of nature; and, except in the realms of poetical imagination, no flower is ever 'born to blush unseen' or 'waste its sweetness on the desert air.' Attracted by their bright colors and sweet scents, insects feed upon the nectar which is secreted within the blossoms and so become the means of transporting the pollen from flower to flower; and the contrivances by which they are induced to visit the nectaries, and thus secure the processes of fertilisation, are alike manifold and wonderful.

Nature, however, must furnish means of protection as well as of attraction. There are multitudes of insects which would prove highly injurious to flowers, by robbing them of their nectar without conferring any corresponding benefit in the work of fertilisation. The blossoms, therefore, must be protected from such visitants; and that many curious contrivances exist for the exclusion of these unwelcome guests recent observations have shown.

It is in flowers, however, that the most varied contrivances for the preservation of their organs against the attacks of animals of all kinds, are to be found. In some we find the result obtained by the secretion of distasteful substances, such as alkaloids, resins, and ethereal oils. It is remarkable that, as a rule, herbivorous animals have a distaste for flowers. Any one may observe how carefully cattle and sheep avoid plucking most of the flowers which abound in their pasturage. The beauty of the blossoms has no attraction for them. The richness of the odors seems only to repel them. It is worthy of note however that it is only when the flowers are fresh that they are thus carefully avoided by ruminant animals. When their work is done and they are dried up, the chemical compounds which protected them in the field are either volatilised, or so changed that they lose their scent, and, mixed with hay, they are readily eaten. While however, the ethereal oils which abound in flowers render them repulsive to grazing animals, they serve to attract others especially insects, whose visits are needful for the work of cross fertilisation.

Wingless animals are in all circumstances unwelcome guests to flowers. They reach the blossoms only by climbing; and even if they did no harm to its organs while sucking the nectar, they frequently could not reach the flower of another plant without descending and crawling along the ground. This process besides involving waste of time, would expose the pollen attached to them to the risk of being rubbed off, or destroyed by contact with soil or moisture. Moreover these insects pay no heed to the kind of flowers which they visit. They pass from one to another indiscriminately, and it would thus be by mere chance that the pollen would reach another flower of the same species. It is a very remarkable fact that the winged insects which do the work of cross fertilisation confine themselves, in their rapid flight from flower to flower, to blossoms of the same species. The bee for instance, will confine itself during a single journey to the flowers of one and the same species, and never seems tempted to turn to others till it has returned to the hive with its spoil.

The most unwelcome, and yet the greediest of wingless insects, are ants. They are gifted with exceptional powers of smell, and are therefore attracted to any sweet substance from a great distance.

The snapdragon furnishes a familiar example mechanical protection. Here it is secured simply by the closure of the lips of the corolla. They remain closed so long as the stigma is not fertilized; and while bees can easily effect an entrance by forcing open the compressed lips, other insects are effectually excluded. So soon, however, as the stigma has been covered with pollen, the tension of the corolla is relaxed, the lips separate, and the ants are free to carry off the nectar as they please.

Another set of guests which are unwelcome to flowers, because useless for the purposes of cross fertilisation, are soft-bodied animals such as snails, slugs, and caterpillars. Viscid secretions would not be effectual in excluding these visitants, especially snails, which can easily overcome the obstruction by coating the sticky surface with their own slime. An effectual bar to the approach of such animals is secured by thorns, prickles, and bristles They are at once repelled by any sharp point coming in contact with their bodies. The arrangement of these means of defence is sometimes striking in adaptation. While thorns which protect the leaves behind them, are pointed horizontally or in an ascending direction, an array of prickles and bristles on various parts of the plant will be found pointing downwards, so as to prevent the ascent of animals which crawl from beneath. The individual flower heads of composite species, such as thistles, furnish familiar examples: and it will generally be found that the accumulations of these obstacles are greater the nearer the approach to the flower-head. In many plants whose stems and leaves are perfectly smooth, the involucre, or combination of bracts which surround the flower, is fully furnished with such means of defence.

The protective appliances which we have hitherto noticed have had in view the exclusion of animals which crawl upward, and are therefore developed on the path which they must tread. But flowers are exposed to the visits of numberless flying insects, which are too small to effect any good purpose in the process of fertilisation. We find, therefore, that inside the flowers themselves there are numerous provisions for the exclusion of such guests. These generally consist of soft hair-like formations developed in various forms on different portions of the floral organs.

A very remarkable provision of Nature in the case of night-blooming flowers consists in a temporary suspension of the functions of parts which serve to attract insects. During the sunshine they are safe from the attacks of enemies; while with evening, these functions resume their activity, and allure the insects that search for nectar after sunset. The coloration of these night-blooming flowers is peculiar. Variety of color would be useless in the twilight or during the night; and therefore among flowers which blossom after sunset, the inner surface of the petals is simply white, the outer surface being of some inconspicuous color, as greenish brown, dirty yellow, or ash-gray. During the daytime, when these flowers are closed, they remain unobserved, appearing as if withered; while in the evening, when open, their white petals render them distinctly visible.

Many of the peculiarities of structure to which we have referred have other ends to serve than those indicated. For instance, minute prickles, and bristles, and hair-like trichomes, as well as peculiarities of formation in various parts of the blossom, fulfil the function of 'path-pointers.' The benefit or injury which may result to a flower from insects which promote the work of cross fertilisation, depends upon the mode of their entrance. If they should reach the nectar without coming in contact with the organs of fructification, there would be manifestly useless waste. To prevent this these, 'path-pointers' exist. In one species for example, a groove, bordered on each side by a swelling, runs along the median line of the lower lip of the corolla. To effect fertilization, the bee must pass its proboscis down this groove in reaching the nectar; for only in this manner can it cause the upper lip to incline forward, so that pollen may fall off the anthers, and the stigma be brought into contact with its body. Should the bee insert its proboscis higher up, above the groove, this motion of the corolla could not take place, and the mechanism by which fertilization is secured would not be brought into play. To secure this object, therefore, the upper lip is studded with small sharp teeth, which compel the bee to find an entrance in the only way which can effect the process of fertilisation.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH GENERAL GRANT, is the title of a Narrative of the Visit of General Grant, to various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, in 1877, 1878, 1879, to which are added Certain Conversations (admirably illustrated) with General Grant on Questions connected with American Politics and History. By John Russell Young. With eight hundred Illustrations. Published by Subscription Book Department, The American News Company, New York, and branch office 907 Arch St. Phila. The work will be issued in 20 parts, 50 cents each. Each part will contain 48 pages, with two full page engravings and over 30 additional illustrations, fully and vividly interpreting the text.

Part 1 contains a pure line engraving of General Grant, from a photograph taken in Paris just before his departure for India engraved on steel by William E. Marshall.

The foremost artists and engravers contribute the illustrations, and the publishers are sparing no expense in any department of the work, and the book will make beyond question the finest pictorial account of a tour around the world that has ever been published.

The book has no political significance—is not a laudation of General Grant, and has no party tendency. The publishers were the first to suggest the book and publish it for its commercial value alone. John Russell Young, the author, with the party, has been the London and Paris correspondent of the New York Herald for years, and is recognized as one of the most brilliant writers on the press. He accompanies the party by permission of Mr. Bennett, on the invitation of General Grant, and for the express purpose of gathering material for this book, added to his duties as correspondent of the Herald. He faithfully records not only what was said and done and seen in this eventful tour, but using his prerogative as a newspaper man, draws from the several members of the party their opinions and impressions, and thus make the book doubly interesting.

It is safe to say, no book of travel has ever appeared that gives so full and thorough an insight into the political and social conditions of the various governments of the world. It will contain many facts and many descriptions of scenes never before published. Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4, now ready will be followed by parts 5, 6 and 7 in July; 8, 9, 10, in August; 11, 12 and 13 in September; 14, 15, and 16, in October, and 17, 18, 19, and 20 in November of this year. The work is sold only by subscription.

Madam Mussard, born in Connecticut, who died recently in an insane asylum in France, after leading a frivolous, but guiltless life, has been the subject of many newspaper articles. Her name has again been before the public in connection with the sale of a portion of her diamonds, which brought $180 000. One article containing five large brilliants, surrounded by smaller ones, was sold for $25 000, and a necklace of seven rows of pearls brought $31 000.

Chin Wan Tom is a handsome young attache of the Chinese Legation in Washington. Mr. Tom, as he is called in Washington, is very popular in society and fair ladies vie with one another to secure his attentions. He is wealthy, and dresses very richly, making much display of silks and satins. A few nights ago he appeared at a public entertainment with a light blue brocade silk tunic and lemon colored satin breeches, with sandals of yellow and blue to match.

The body of the Prince of Orange was buried in three coffins. The first was lead, the second was oak covered with glass, and the third massive mahogany, with handles of chiselled silver.

News Notes.

Dr. Carver will shoot in Italy and Germany.

It is forbidden in England to take casts of the heads of executed criminals.

Russian physicians cure hydrophobia by causing the victims to inhale oxygen.

Victor Hugo, at his birth, is described as having been no larger than an ordinary table fork.

At Madrid it is thought that the Empress Eugenie will now take up her residence in Spain.

Chicago has a Bald Men's Society. A requisite for membership is a bare spot on top of the head not less than four inches in extent. The object of the organization is to discover a cure for baldness.

Twenty five lashes are henceforward to be the maximum of floggings in the British army, and this only when a soldier is on active service. The subject lately afforded a brisk debate in the House of Commons.

The Emperor of Germany, who has never wholly recovered from the wounds inflicted by Nobling last year, is said to be failing rapidly, and rumor represents the Czar as also showing manifest signs of decaying health.

In a Baptist church in Mobile the rite of baptism was recently administered to an old colored lady who had entered her second childhood. She said she was one hundred and thirteen, which was probably as near as she could remember.

Mr. Henry Irving, the famous English actor, has given the chain which he has worn as "Hamlet" for a hundred representations to an enthusiastic admirer, who sent him another in exchange. This, too, is to go to somebody else after a hundred wearings.

General Gourki, Governor of St. Petersburg, is a very practical man. He received a letter which said he would be poisoned. Not at all alarmed, he sent for his cook, and thus addressed that personage: "You see this letter. Read it. Very well. Now keep in mind, the first time I get the colic I will hang you."

The Duke of Edinburgh will lay the foundation stone of the new Eddystone Lighthouse about the middle of August. The Duchess is to lay the top stone, which, however, will not be ready for three years. The new lighthouse will be sixty feet higher than the present tower, and will cost in the vicinity of $350,000.

A young lady returned from Central America recently, bringing with her five monkeys, a young tiger, and several parrots and paroquets. The tiger is about three months old, and weighs but a few pounds. It has the appearance of a cat, except that its eyes are much larger, and its tail is longer. It is as playful as a kitten.

The Czar, on retiring to bed a couple of weeks ago, found a neatly folded and addressed package of Nihilist newspapers between the sheets, and a few minutes later while everybody was hurrying to and fro in search of the daring emissary of the revolutionists, a Nihilist proclamation was tacked up in his Imperial Majesty's dressing-room.

An eccentric gentleman in Bath, Eng., styles himself Father Christus, wears no hat, is dressed in a cassock and alb, declares himself to be Jesus Christ, and announces his mission as the Imperial one of turning the world upside down. He has plenty of money apparently, and carries with him a number of reserved tickets for the "Happy Land."

Dr. Sims, of Lexington, Ga., is deemed of unsound mind, while he, of course, holds the reverse opinion. He owns $50 000, about which his relatives are solicitous, and for which a shrewd widow married him. He was pursued and overtaken by the officers on his wedding tour, and will be parted from his bride until the question of mental capacity is decided.

Two maiden ladies of advanced years, the Misses Begg, are the only survivors of Robert Burns. They live very comfortably in a little cottage called the Bridgeside, within two miles of the old kirk, and hospitably receive visitors who are interested in the poet, though they possess few reminiscences of him. General Grant, and Stanley, the explorer, visited them.

Carelessness in the execution of wills seems to be predestinate. Josiah Bacon, who was murdered in San Francisco last year, left a will which has been refused probate in Massachusetts, because it has not the legal number of witnesses, three being required, and this instrument having only two. Yet Mr. Bacon was a regularly educated lawyer. He himself wrote the will, and attended to its execution.

No sense in having sickness in the family if you will use Hop Bitters in time. Ask those who know.

One of the institutions of London is the charwoman, or chorewoman. Does a woman fall as a servant, do the eyes of a seamstress give way, is the wife or widow of an artizan or laborer overtaken by adversity, she falls into the great army of charwomen. Some are trustworthy, are employed for years in the same family, and take care of the house. Their pay is from fifty to seventy-five cents per day, with food.

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One Word Covers the Advice

Which should be given to nervous, slender, and debilitated persons—invigorate! Sedatives, opiates, appetizers, are comparatively useless The system must be built up with a genuine tonic in order to the recovery of vigor and tranquility by the nerves. A course, systematically pursued, of the leading invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, should be resorted to by those who suffer from weak nerves and general debility. The stomach, always more or less dyspeptic in cases of nervousness and loss of vitality, is toned and regulated by this medicine until the organ acts with a precision akin to that of a steady-going piece of mechanism. Complete digestion and assimilation are, through the influence of the Bitters, followed by a gain of vigor and flesh, and the disappearance of biliousness and irregularity of the bowels, where such exist, as they usually do. Appetite and sleep are then regained.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE abundance of novelties which are still appearing makes it a difficult task to know where to begin one's description, and still more difficult when to finish, for each one has some attraction peculiar to itself, and one scarcely knows how to discriminate in selecting and rejecting subjects for the perusal of my readers. There is no better guide to the prevailing modes than the description of some of the toilettes made by our leading houses, as our readers can gather from these, not only the varieties of new materials but the manner in which they are employed and combined. As is often the case in these houses, the toilettes, although very rich, are simple, but in the best taste and tauntlessly cut. One dress is made entirely of *voile de laine* over silk; this is a new woolen material, light and thin, but very strong; it cannot be crushed, and the effect of it is excellent.

Traveling costumes are already in course of preparation; one of these is of admiral blue Indian cashmere, and Pompadour silk. The short skirt is draped in pleats fastened on each side by blue enamel renaissance buttons with gold griffins. A double row of similar buttons ornaments the corsage, which is made with a bib in front, and a fichu of cashmere like the dress, trimmed with narrow blue and gold braid, and tied at the back. Another very pretty toilette of Indian cashmere is in a new shade of green, combined with old silver satin, in a fan-shaped pleating in front, forming the edge of the skirt. At the sides are similar fan shaped pleatings, joining the cascades and puffs of the train. The draped panlers are of cashmere, bordered with old silver satin Pekin. The corsage of cashmere opens over a waistcoat of the satin, fastened by silver buttons, and the collarette and jabot are of Breton lace.

Noticeable among summer costumes are the cambrics and the washing foulards for morning dresses, which, while they recall the style of those worn long ago, are a very great improvement upon them, both in design and coloring. I have seen some dresses made of these materials which formed part of the bridal trousseau of a young lady. One made of a sort of thick cambric had an ecru ground with a pattern going all over it of pink hawthorn. The skirt was quite short, and ornamented with three frills very finely kilted of plain pink cambric. These frills, which were of different depths, the bottom one being five inches, the next four, and the upper one three, were put on about two inches apart with an embroidered open-work insertion, above which they formed their own heading. The tunic which opened in front and formed paniers, was edged with a deep frill of embroidery to match the insertion above, which was a narrow kilted frill of pink put on like the flounces of the skirt with a band of insertion. The back of the tunic, which consisted of one long straight breadth, under which the edges of the paniers were drawn up, was trimmed to correspond and drooped with bows of broad pink ribbon. The bodice, pointing both back and front, was quite untrimmed save for a frill of embroidery at the throat, and was piped with pink. The sleeves had frills of embroidery, and above that finely pleated ones of cambric, upon which were bows of pink ribbon. The stockings to be worn with this dress (for one must always have stockings to match a dress) were pink Lisle thread ones, embroidered all the way up the front in white silk. The hat was of fancy straw, with a brim turned up in front and waved behind, lined with pink satin and trimmed with pink and white hawthorn, and white Breton lace. Another morning toilet was also of cambric of two kinds, one plain dove-color, and the other a white with a dove-colored pattern running over it. The front of the skirt was covered with broad folds of the two materials placed alternately, and behind was a deep kilted flounce of plain grey. The Princess tunic was of the figured cambric, turned up laveuse fashion in front, with a lining of grey, and tied back with a large bow of crimson satin. The sleeves had narrow kiltings of grey, and the buttons were ivory ones. The hat was a very pretty one, made of fine white chip, trimmed with a ruche of white silk cut on bias and frayed at the edges, and with a half wreath of daisies, both Marguerites and the small field ones, mixed with moss and grass. The brim, which is turned up on one side, was lined with drawn crimson satin.

The tunics are not separate, as formerly, but are formed or simulated by the drapery arranged on the before mentioned false skirt.

Paniers still continue to be worn; in fact, they are increasing in size, and the tightly-fitting robes will soon become fashions of the past. A toilet of plain ecru tussore mixed with flowered Pompadour tussore, will serve to illustrate the prevailing style.

The skirt is one of the false ones, of which we have spoken, and its trimming consists of a pleated frill of plain tussore, above which is a crossway band of Pompadour gathered in the centre. In front is a plastron ten inches wide of plain tussore, above which is a crossway band of Pompadour gathered in the centre. In front is a plastron ten inches wide of plain tussore in folds the entire length. On either side of this plastron are breadths of Pompadour, drawn at the edges and fastened upon the skirt at the seam at the back; behind a straight breadth of plain tussore with a hem two inches wide, draped in a good many pleats, falls to the top of the trimming at the bottom of the skirt.

Small rounded paniers of plain tussore, trimmed with Breton lace, are drawn away from the front and fastened with very tiny pleats under the breadths behind. The jacket is of plain tussore opening over a plain waistcoat of the Pompadour, which shows to the depth of four inches below the basques, as far as the seams on either side of the centre one behind. These two pieces of the jacket are longer, hide the waistcoat, and are arranged in two pleats; they are open at the centre seam to the waste. A jabot of Breton lace and Watteau buttons complete this pretty costume.

Another is of fancy armure de soi (a small Pompadour pattern upon a grenat ground.) The false skirt is ornamented with a flounce ten inches deep, put on in large pleats. Above this the tablier is formed of straight breadths of material arranged in broad folds, which fall over the flounce. The small paniers, which are trimmed with frills of Breton lace, headed by a quilling of the same, are divided in front and pleated to the centre seam behind. The ornamentation of the back of the costume is exactly the same as that in the preceding one. The corsage has basques, square cut in front, and cut away at the hips from the second front pleat to the seam on either side of the centre one behind. This opening is filled with a crossway pleated band placed underneath. The buttons are inlaid mother-of-pearl ones.

For long dresses short tunics forming a succession of panier puffs extending half way down the skirt, where they are hidden under a drapery and bow with broad ends, are fashionable.

Another style is that of a long waved train, with trimming all round and up the sides.

Although these costumes are very different to those lately worn, they are literally but revivals of old-fashioned ones, and it seems to us that the chief novelties are in materials and patterns.

Pearl necklaces formerly were only seen with full dress; but now they are worn with high silk bodices, and on occasions, too, when hitherto they would have been considered most inappropriate. The novelty in this line consists of pearl necklets of several colors; white pearls and pink pearls are intermixed with many other rows of soft colorings, such as gray, brown, &c. Nothing can be prettier or more becoming, as the pearl is the woman's ornament par excellence. Rings are made to match; but the newest style consists of six rings, each one with a different stone, and joined into one in the inside.

Bright colors have broken out in quite a riotous manner recently, and the amount of rich red to be seen at all gay gatherings is remarkable. Black jet bonnets with bright trimmings, red parasols, red trimmings on both light and dark dresses, are everywhere. It is a much more popular color than the peacock or gendarme blue, which we were promised at the commencement of the season. For evening wear white dresses are in the majority; a pretty example is in white barege and damask. The casaquin of the latter material forms a train at the back draped in three places with large white satin bows and marabouts powdered with crystal. The bodice is bordered with marabouts glistening with crystal, and a tuft of heliotrope and white lilac is fastened at the side, a large bouquet of similar flowers on the skirt and another of smaller dimensions for headdress. Soft, creamy India muslin, batiste, barege, or the newer material called nun's cloth which is all wool woven irregularly like French bunting and as transparent as gauze, are all worn and made up over a white silk or satin foundation. A great deal of Breton lace is used on batiste and India muslin dresses, while barege and grenadine are made over silk with brocaded satin and are trimmed with beaded blonde lace. The lustrous Paris muslin called "silk muslin" is made up into over-dresses with embroidered tulle trimming. White foulard is made up with many gatherings, the fronts usually being full; Valenciennes is more used on this material than Breton lace.

Black grenadine dresses for evening wear are all mounted on a satin foundation, and white lace is used for trimming them. The quantity of lace employed this season for dress trimmings is incredible. Breton lace is on everything, but tolle d'esprit, a delicate spotted lace, much worn by our grandmothers is likely to supersede it. These are cotton laces, but they are given what is called the thread finish by being woven in irregular meshes, that can scarcely be distinguished from those of hand-made laces. Byzantine point is also used on washing dresses, as it washes well, and imitates the rich designs of antique laces. Russian laces in braid-like patterns, and Cluny lace and point de Ragusa are all fashionable on children's frocks. Black Breton is used for millinery purposes; it is almost too frail and ineffective for dresses. Laces beaded with both jet and gold are first-rate for brightening up black dresses and bonnet, and, as the beads simply outline the design, it is easy to modernise any lace in store by sewing on fine jet beads.

Fireside Chat.

WORK FOR NIMBLE FINGERS.

AS TRIFLES for a Fair I would suggest the following: A kettle holder in ordinary knitting made of ten stripes, in two alternate colors, such as red and blue, green and white, gold and brown; each stripe ten stitches wide, and 20 rows long, sewn together when finished and put on a lining in such a way that the rows set close together, forming pleats, which, being thick resist the heat. They are easy work for old people and children. A stand for a soda water bottle: let the carpenter cut an oval piece of wood, hollowed out in the centre, to fit the side of the bottle, which is intended to lie upon it, and so be prevented from rolling. Those who are clever at carving may carry out a scroll or wreath of flowers at the edge; but it looks quite as well covered with crash or serge, with a floral scroll embroidered round.

A puzzle purse can be made in strong paper or leather. It is nineteen inches in circumference when open, resembling a sunflower, being cut round in ten points, all an inch long. These are each folded in the centre to the depth of two inches, leaving a plain circle for the base. The points, being folded, are turned one upon the other, all going one way and forming a kind of star, thus closing the purse, which may be made of leather; the fundamental circle embroidered with gold thread and a small spray in gold thread worked on each point.

Mothers with young sons find that a present of a set of bell harness gives infinite satisfaction. These should be cut in cloth like a sleeveless zouave jacket, laced across the front buckled together at the back, and set off with small bells and buttons; a ring is sewn to the back of the shoulders, and through this the braid reins are secured. The lacing in the front need not be undone, so the whole is slipped on in a minute and secured by the one strap. These are far less dangerous than the ordinary kind formed of two rings, through which the arms are thrust, with the braid reins attached.

The oblong hand screens of fifty years ago are among the revivals from the past. The foundation is cardboard, the centres covered with butterflies painted on rice paper, or flowers, or quaint figures, and storks, kingfishers, and other birds, with bulrushes. They have long gilt handles; occasionally they are covered with silk and lace, and they afford a good opportunity for displaying valuable scraps of lace.

The old tambour work, too, is being adapted to cloth and velvet, worked in gold thread on a frame after the old mode, viz., on a frame, with a steel needle fixed in an ivory handle, with a small notch near the point, the facsimile of a crochet needle. The right hand directs the needle, the left hand being placed beneath the work. It is also applied to white muslin with embroidery cotton, but it never shows to such advantage as on leather in gold thread or silk.

After all, modern work is nearly all reproductions. For example, the very fine silk embroidery after the Chinese order, sometimes applied to silk and fine linen for d'oyleys. I have by me some hexagons, evidently intended for a work bag, at least sixty years old, done in the same style, but with coarser silk, each portion of the pattern outlined in gold thread on a foundation of apple-green watered silk; the coloring of the design brown, white, blue, red, and orange. This style of embroidery is well suited to the covering of blotting books.

The ribbon embroidery, now once more adopted, has in most of the old specimens the stems in green chenille, and a good many French knots for the centres. Crepe flowers, made on the same principle as the ribbon flowers, make the prettiest tea cosies applied to satin. I have just made up an old piece of work of the kind—snowdrops, sweet peas, heartseases, poinsettias, and forget-me-nots, all reproduced to the life.

These styles of work give much effect, with but little labor. We have not the time, as had the ladies of rank in James I.'s reign, to expend the best part of our lives on tapestry; but even they must have become tired of it, for in time, from Flanders, a plan of weaving tapestry came to Mortlake and flourished. Colored embroideries were wrought in Pliny and Homer's times. The Jews and the Babylonians were in early days skilled workers; so we follow in their footsteps, improving on old models when we can.

A new footstool at the same time offers a good idea for home workers. It is of the form of a hard square cushion with tassels at each corner, and four invisible wooden feet below.

An old art of twenty years ago now being revived is the making of imitation carved ivory, which is done by covering any wooden article with three coats of the following: 12 oz of isinglass boiled in one pint of water till dissolved, and, when strained, mixed with powdered flake white. This must dry well between each application. The ornamentation is made as follows: Boil 1 2 lb. of best rice in one quart of water, bruise it to a paste, and let it become cold; then mix with starch till it is soft as dough; roll it out to the thickness of a shilling. Cut it in pieces two inches square and let it dry before the fire. It will keep for months. When used it must be placed between several folds of a damp cloth, so that it becomes soft enough to knead. Next place it in the moulds of the shapes required, turn the designs out, and make them adhere to the box with china cement. Then varnish with ivory varnish. The compound can also be colored with water colors, to look like tortoiseshell or carved oak. The moulds may be bought, or can be made with gutta percha, pressed when damp, over any carved ivory it is desired to copy.

Porcupine-quill work might be revived also with advantage. The quills are split, and then used for a variety of purposes, such as chessboards, boxes, being applied in patterns with gum or china cement. They can be further improved by coloring with varnishes, and articles made of these quills by an invalid lady brought a good round sum to a late fancy work sale. The most successful were light bonnes for spill cases, pillar letter boxes for the hall, match boxes, &c. The work requires nicety of manipulation and taste, that is all. Placed in hot water they become quite pliable. Goose and fowl quills, colored, may be used after the same fashion.

Things Worth Knowing.—That boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little spermaceti or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved. That beeswax and salt will make flat irons as clean and smooth as glass; tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose; when the irons are hot, rub them with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or rag sprinkled with salt. That kerosene will soften boots and shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new. That kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new, saturate a woollen rag and rub with it; it will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

A partly paralyzed boy stole a ride on a Grand Trunk Railway car by hiding underneath on a truck. A spark set fire to his clothes and he was all ablaze when discovered. He died of his burns.

In Kieff, in Russia, about a dozen Jews have been tried for endeavoring to defeat the provisions of the Army law by submitting to the mutilation of an eye each at the hands of a Hebrew surgeon.

When Mrs. E. Heath of Sherman, Maine, was born the house took fire; at the time of her marriage the house again took fire, and recently at the birth of her first son the house again took fire.

Answers to Inquirers.

D. B. (Germantown, Pa.)—You can get the articles you want at any first-class druggist's.

JOHN S. S., (Elgin, Ill.)—We have procured the book for you, and will forward it at once.

JOHN L. (Jefferson, O.)—It is want of self-possession, a rusticity which will wear off as you mix more in society.

INKSTAND (Monroe, W. Va.)—Any druggist will supply you with acid which will remove ink stains from ivory.

ANDONA, (Wayne, N. Y.)—A gentleman should introduce the lady to another gentleman, not the lady to the stranger.

EMMA, (Camden, N. J.)—Only by advertising, or through the recommendation of friends. Thousands beside you are seeking to solve the question.

ROSE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Wash always with warm water to lower the tone of a rosy cheek, but do not hasten to dispel the bloom; it will fade to your sorrow, soon enough.

W. B. (West Chester, Pa.)—Rest and change of scene are the only means by which you may hope to obviate the effects of over-study or a long period of mental anxiety. Any honest physician will tell you the same.

ADRIENNE, (Henderson, Mich.)—You have simply had a day-dream, or as they say, a day more, an illusion from an over wrought imagination. But you have by no means seen a ghost. Ghosts do not come in this 19th century.

BETA, (Salem, W. J.)—The indisposition you complain of is most probably engendered by your general change of habits, and from a town to country life. Be moderate in your diet and take plenty of exercise morning and evening.

H. G. (Dickinson, Kan.)—Keep your agreement. No matter if you do make a blunder, keep your word. Whether or not the other party would have kept his word, in case the blunder had been the other way, is a question for him and not for you.

READER, (Lehigh, Pa.)—If you place the eggs in a large jar, with the small ends downwards, and pour hot lard over them, they will keep for almost any length of time; or you may rub them over by means of a soft brush with a solution of gum arabic, and afterwards when quite dry, pack them in dry charcoal dust.

COLLEGIAN (Richmond, Ind.)—If you had read the "Answers" carefully you would have observed that we answered your inquiry some weeks since as fully as is possible. It is against our rules to publish the names of such places in this column, but if you examine the advertising columns of almost any good paper under the head "Educational" you will find what you want.

PLAY, (Fletcher, Ky.)—Drawcansir is the name of a bullying fellow in an old English comedy, and would be properly applied to any ruffianly bully, as we should say "a Falstaff" of any fat, witty man. "The flashing leven" of Scott is simply poetic diction for ignipuncture. "Weeping amber" and "bleeding balm," in Pope poetic for the gum distilled by the trees; the "tainted plain" explains itself, either a battle field with the rotting dead upon it, or a pestiferous plain, like the Campagna at Rome.

DEBATE, (West Philadelphia, Pa.)—The earliest newspaper in the New World dates back to 1690, and was printed at Boston, Mass. It has generally been supposed that the Boston Newsletter, published in 1704, was the first journal printed in America, and certain popular books of reference gave the Newsletter as the earliest publication; but in the State Paper Office at London there is a copy, perhaps the only one extant, of a folio newspaper sheet printed at Boston and bearing the date of September 25, 1690, "to be issued monthly or oftener, and printed by R. Pierce for Benjamin Harris, at the London Coffee House, 1690."

GLENECHO, (Seward, Neb.)—A good recipe for making lavender water is the following: Oil of lavender of the best quality, three ounces; oil Rhodium, one drachm; alcohol—ninety-five per cent. pure—three pints; rose water, one pint. Add the oils to two pints of the alcohol; then agitate it well, afterwards adding the rest of the alcohol and rose water. After shaking let stand for three or four hours and filter through filtering paper, which together with the various ingredients may be procured of any good druggist. 2. The words and music of the song "Woodman Spare That Tree" are by Henry Russell.

AGLAIA, (Burlington, N. J.)—We should not judge of your character by your handwriting, but by that of your letter. You belong to that frivolous class of women who place an exorbitant value on their personal charms, and, consequently, are a kind of ready-made coquettes. Such women offend the taste of men of discernment and purity of feeling and unconsciously help to swell the list of involuntary bachelors. You must, therefore, for your own sake, for your future peace of mind and happiness, put some restraint on yourself, turn your flattering mirror to the wall after completion of your toilette, and look more at yourself as you ought to be.

GEORGINA, (Richland, Wis.)—There can be no course left you but at once to accept your lover. His behavior has been very straightforward and very honorable. Why listen to envious and foolish tongues? She who suggests that a proposal was made "out of pity" would like to be so "pitied" herself. Besides, if it were, which so far as we can see, it is not, pity is akin to love. There is nothing very charming and fun cent in the narration of your little love case. In studying languages you thought yourself that of love; but so far as we can see, both bachelor and spinster have acted thoroughly well, and quite within the bounds of propriety.

KENDAL, (Pottsville, Pa.)—Isaiah lxviii. 7 is no prohibition of wine. "They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." This is only the statement of an historical fact. "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake" says an Apostle. There is a positive command; the other fact only warns against abuse. As sure as the sun is in the firmament, the Bible does not, and never did, and never will, preach teetotalism. Why, for eighteen hundred years all the finest commentators have spent their lives over that book, and have never once dreamt that it commanded anything but temperance.

M. E. (York, Me.)—After all, you must be guided by affection. There is certainly a great disparity of age between a man of fifty and a woman of twenty, but health and constitution may differ. The worst of these ill-sorted marriages is this, that you do not feel the difference in the hey day and first glow of affection, and in the novelty of marriage, but afterwards, when day on needs days without change, when age creeps on, and unsociable tastes peep out, then fifty and twenty will begin to feel on either side a galling chain which will every day be growing heavier. A man of fifty should not, we think desire to marry so young a woman. He is asking too much. Nevertheless yours may be an exceptional case; were it a rule, it were indeed a sad one. Were you some ten or even seven years older you might marry him with safety should you love him.

PATTIE, (Baltimore, Md.)—You cannot begin the education of your children at too early an age, if you only begin in the right manner. The trouble and misrelief of early education arise wholly from the frightfully injudicious way in which it is carried on. Under proper treatment a child can have learned a vast deal by the time it has arrived at the age of seven years, without ever having been conscious that it was being taught at all. The mind of a child is ever thirsty for information, for knowledge and when rightly presented it will drink it in as a flower drinks in the dew of heaven, and with about just as little effort, and with equally refreshing results. But to set a mere child at learning tasks or lessons in the ordinary way is to disgust it with learning, and to injure both its mental and physical powers, sometimes beyond repair.

ANGIE, (Springdale, Mich.)—There is no particular law as to which arm should be offered to a lady. The common sense rule and one generally followed is to take that side which will generally protect her from jostling or annoyance by other pedestrians. In no case, however, take the lady's arm. This is both affected, useless and mob coming. Few, save young children are in the habit of taking hold of hands when out walking. 2. If the friend is one you esteem highly and would appreciate the gift, it would be a praiseworthy attention to take the present along on the occasion of the visit. 3. A system of stenography or short hand was in use in the time of the Romans, but that practiced at the present day under the name of phonography, was invented by Benjamin Pitman, an Englishman, in 1836. As it now exists is is probably as perfect as such a science can be made.